

OR, THE
Taming of the SHREW

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

At the THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Drury-Lane*.

Written Originally by Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

Alter'd and Improv'd by Mr. LACEY,
Servant to His MAJESTY.

L O N D O N.

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69



Dramatis Personæ.

Lord *Beaufoy*.
Woodall.

Petruchio, the Tamer.

Geraldo.

Tranio.

Sir *Lyonel Winlove*.

Winlove, his Son.

Snatchpenny.

Femmy.

Sauny, the Scot.

Curtis, } And other Serving-
Philip, } men.

Margaret, the Shrew,

Biancha, her Sister.

Widow.

S A U N T



SAUNTY the Scot:
OR, THE
Taming of the SHREW.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Winlove, and his Man Tranio.

WINLOVE.



A M quite weary of a Country Life ;
there is that little Thing the World
calls *Quiet*, but there is nothing else ;
Clowns live and die in't, whose *Souls*
lie hid there, and after Death their
Names : My kinder Stars (I thank 'em)
have wing'd my Spirit with an active
Fire, which makes me wish to know what Men are born
for ; to dyet a running Horse, to give a Hawk casting,
to know Dogs Names ; these make not Men ; no, 'tis
Philosophy, 'tis Learning, and Exercise of Reason to
know what's Good and Virtuóus, and to break our stub-
born and untemper'd Wills, to choose it ; this makes us
imitate that great Divinity that fram'd us.

A 2

Tran.

Tran. I thought you had learn'd *Philosophy* enough at *Oxford*, what betwixt *Aristotle* on one side, and *Bottle-Ale* on the other ; I am confident you have arriv'd at a Pitch of Learning and Virtue sufficient for any Gentleman to set up with in the Country ; that is, to be the Prop of the Family.

Winl. My Father's Fondness has kept me so long in the Country, I've forgot all I'd learn'd at the University : Besides, take that at best, it but rough cast's us : No, *London* is the choicest Academy, 'tis that must polish us, and put a Gloss upon our Country-Studies : Hither I'm come at last, and do resolve to glean many Vices. Thou, *Tranio*, hast been my Companion ; still one Bed has held us, one Table fed us ; and tho' our Bloods give me Precedency, (that I count Chance) my Love has made us equal, and I have found a frank Return in thee.

Tran. Such a Discourse commands a serious Answer : Know then, your Kindness tells me I must Love you ; The Good you have taught me commands me to honour you : I have learnt, with you, to hate Ingratitude ; but letting those aside, for thus I may seem to do it ; for my own Sake, be assur'd, I must Love you, though you Hate me ; I neither look at Vice nor Virtue in you, but as you are the Person I dote on.

Winl. No more ; I do believe and know thou lov'st me : I wonder *Jemmy* stays so long behind : You must look out to get me handsome Lodgings, fit to receive such Friends the Town shall bring me ; you must take care of all, for I'm resolv'd to make my Study my sole Business : I'll live handsomely ; not over high, nor yet beneath my Quality.

Enter Beaufoy, Margaret, Biancha, Woodall and Geraldo.

But stay a little : What Company's this ?

Beau. Gentlemen, importune no farther, you know my firm Resolve, not to bestow my *Youngest* Daughter, before I have a Husband for the *Elder* ; if either of you both love *Pegg*, because I know you well, and love you well, you shall have Freedom to court her at your Pleasure.

Wood.

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Wood. That is to say, we shall have Leave to have our Heads broken ; a prime Kindness, by'ur Lady, she's too rough for me ; there, *Geraldo*, take her for me, if you have any Mind to a Wife ; to her, you are Young, and may clap Trammels on her, and strike her to a Pace in Time ; I dare not deal with her, I shall never get her out of her high Trot.

Marg. 'Tis strange, Sir, you should make a Stale of me among these Mates thus.

Geral. Mates, Madam, 'Faith, no Mates for you, unless you were a little tamer ; wo worth him that has the Breaking of you !

Marg. Take heed I don't bestow the Breaking of your Calves-Head for you ; you Mate, marry come up ; go, get you a Sempitress, and run in Score with her for Muckinders to dry your Nose with, and marry her at last to pay the Debt : And you there Goodman Turnip-eater, with your Neats-Leather Phisnomy, I'll send your Kitchen-wench to liquor it this wet Weather ; whose old Boots was it cut out of ?

Ger. From all such *Petticoat Devils* deliver us I pray.

Tran. Did you ever see the like, Sir ? That Wench is either stark Mad, or wonderful Froward.

Wood. I can't tell, but I had as live take her Dowry with this Condition, to be whip'd at *Charing-Cross* every Morning.

Ger. Faith, as you say, there's small Choice in rotten Apples ; but since 'tis as 'tis, let us be friendly Rivals, and endeavour for a Husband for *Margaret*, that *Biancha* may be free to have one, and then he that can win her, wear her.

Wood. I would give the best Horse in *Smithfield* to him that would thoroughly Woe her, Wed her, and Bed her, and rid the House of her, to carry her far enough off : Well, come agreed. *Exeunt.*

Tran. But pray, Sir, is't possible that Love shou'd of a sudden take such hold of you.

Wing. O *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true, I never found it possible ; but she has such attractive Charms, he were a Stone that did not Love her ; I am all fire, burn, pine, perish,

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perish, *Tranio*, unless I win her ; Counsel me, and Assist me, Dear *Tranio*.

Tran Are all your Resolutions for Study come to this ? You have got a Book will hold you tack ; you are like to be a fine *Virtuoso*, now must we go to a *Chymist* to set his Still a going for *Philters*—— Love Powders and Extracts of Sighs and Highoes.

Win. Nay, *Tranio*, do not make Sport with my Passion, it is a Thing so deeply rooted here, it cannot die, but it must take me with it ; help me, or hope not long to see thy Master.

Tran. Nay, Sir, if you are so far gone there's no Remedy, we must contrive some way, but 'twill be difficult ; for you know her Father has mew'd her up, and 'till he has rid his Hands of her Sister there's no coming near her.

Win. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he, but don't you remember what Care he took to provide Masters for her ?

Tran. Yes, Sir ; and what of all that ?

Win. Y'are a Fool, can't I be prefer'd to her, to teach her *French* ; I have a good command of the Language, and it may be easily done ?

Tran. I don't apprehend the Easiness of it ; for who shall be Sir *Lyonel's* Son here in Town ? To ply his Studies, and welcome his Freinds, visit his Kindred, and entertain 'em.

Win. Be content, I have a Salve for that too ; we have not yet been seen in any House, nor can be distinguish'd by our Faces, for *Man*, or *Master*. Then it follows thus ; you *Tranio* must be young *Winlove* in my Stead, and bear your self according to my Rank ; I'll be an ordinary *French* Master about the Town ; the Time I stay'd in *France*, is that will help me ; it must be so. Come, come, uncase, and take my Cloaths, and when we're at our Lodgings, we'll make a full Change ; when *Jemmy* comes he waits on thee, but first I'll charm his Tongue.

Tran. 'Twill be needful, since this is your Pleasure I'm ty'd to be Obedient, for so your Father charg'd me at your Parting, altho' I think 'twas in another Sense ; in short, I'm ready to serve you, and assist you in your Enterprize.

Enter

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Enter Jemmy.

Win. Here comes the Rogue. Sirrah, Where have you been?

Jem. Where have I been? Pray, how now Master, where are you Master, has *Tranio* Stolen your Cloaths, or you his, or both?

Win. Sirrah come hither, this is not Time to Jest. Some weighty Reasons make me take this Habit; enquire not; you shall know 'em Time enough; mean while wait you on *Tranio* in my Stead I charge you as becomes you, you understand me.

Jem. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Win. And not of *Tranio*, one Word in your Mouth; he's turn'd to *Winlove*.

Jem. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tran. When I am alone with you, why then I am *Tranio* still; in all Places else, your Master *Winlove*.

Win. *Tranio*, let's go; one Thing yet remains, which you must by no Means neglect; that is, to make one amongst these Wars; ask me not why, but be satisfy'd, my Reasons are both good and weighty.

Tran. I obey, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

Enter Petruchio, and his Man Sauny.

Pet.  I R R A H, leave off your *Scotch*, and speak me *English*, or something like it.

Saun. Gude will I, Sir.

Pet. I think we have ridden Twenty Miles in Three Hours; *Sauny*, are the Horses well rub'd down and litter'd?

Saun. Deel o' my Saul, Sir, I ne'er Scrub'd my sel better than I Scrub'd your Naggs.

Pet.

Pet. And thou need'st Scrubbing, I'll say that for thee, thou beastly Knave; Why do ye not get your self cur'd of the Mange?

Saun. S'breed, Sir, I w'ud nea be cur'd for a Thousand Pund; there's nea a Lad in aw Scotland but Loves it; Gude Sauny might hang himsel an it were not for Scrattin and Scrubbing.

Pet. Why so Prithee?

Saun. When ye gea 'tull a Ladies House, ye are Blith and Bonny, Sir, and gat gud Meat, but the Dee'l a bit gat's Sauny, meere than Hunger and Cawd, Sir; Bo then, Sir, when aw the Footmen stan still, Sir, and ha nothing to dea, then gees Sauny tui his Pastime, Scratten and Scrubben.

Pet. Do'st call it Pastime?

Saun. O my Saul de I, Sir; I take as muckle Pleasure, Sir, in Scratten and Scrubben, as ye de in Tiplin and Mowing.

Pet. Nay, if it be so, keep it, and much good may it d'ye. This is my old Friend Gerald's Lodgings; for whose Sake now I am come to Town, I hope he's at home; there Sauny, knock.

Saun. Wuns, Sir; I fee nean to Knock bo yer ean fel, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, I say knock me soundly at this Gate.

Saun. Out, out, in the muckle Deel's Name t'ye; you'l gat me strike ye, and then ye'l put me a-waw, Sir; with ye'r Favour Ise ne'er do't, Sir; Gude an ye ne ken when ye an a gued Man, S'breed I wot when I've a gued Master, ye's bang yer Sel for Sauny.

Pet. Rogue, I'll make you understand me. [Beats him.

Saun. Gude an ye'd give Sauny ea bang ar twa meere e that Place, for I can ne're come at it to Scrat it my fel, Sir.

Pet. Yes, thus, Sir,

Saun. The Dee'l faw yer Fingers, I may not beat yea o' yer ean Dunghill, Sir, bo gin I had yea in Scotland, Ise ne give yea a Bawbee for your Luggs.

Enter Gerald.

Ger. How now Sauny, what Crying out? Dear Petruchio, most welcome; when came you to Town? What

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What Quarrel is this 'twixt you and *Sauny*? I pray let me Compose the Difference, and tell me now what happy Gale drove you to Town, and why in this Habit? Why in Mourning?

Pet. A common Calamity to us young Men, my Father has been Dead this four Months.

Ger. Trust me I am forry, a good old Gentleman.

Saun. Gee yer gate, Sir, gee yer gate, on ye be fow a Grief ye'r nea Friend, we are blith and bonny, Sir, we nere woe for't.

Pet. Sirrah, you long to be basted.

Saun. Gud do I not, Sir.

Pet. Hither I come to try my Fortunes, to see if good Luck and my Friends will help me to a Wife; Will you wish me to one?

Ger. What Qualifications do you look for?

Pet. Why Money, a good Portion.

Ger. Is that all?

Pet. All Man? All other Things are in my making.

Ger. I shall come roundly to you and wish you to a rich Wife, but her Face

Pet. That shall break no Squares, a Mask will mend it, Wealth is the burthen of my Wooing Song. If she be Rich, I care not if she want a Nose, or an Eye, any Thing with Money.

Saun. De ye nea gi him Credit, Sir? I wud a halp't him tul a Highland Lady with Twanty thousand Pund; Gud he wud nea have her, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, your Twenty thousand Pounds *Scotch* will make but a pittiful *English* Portion.

Saun. Gud, Sir, bo a muckle deal of *Scotch* Punds is as gued as a little deal of *English* Punds.

Ger. She has nothing like this, but a Thing worse, she has a Tongue that keeps more Noise than all that ever mov'd at *Billingsgate*.

Pet. Pish, a Trifle; where lives she? I long to be Wooing her, let me alone with her Tongue, I'm in Love with the News of it, who is't? Who is't? I'm resolv'd for her, or Nobody.

Ger. But look before you Leap, Sir, and say you were warn'd.

Saun.

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Saun. Out, out, he can nea break his Cragg upon her; Gude an ye'd venter your bonny Lafs, He venter my bonny Lad at her, Sir.

Ger. Her Father is the brave noble *Beaufoy*; her Name *Margaret*, fam'd about Town for a *Vixin*.

Pet. The Town's an Afs; come prithee shew me the House, I will not sleep 'till I see her, I know her Father; nay, I am resolv'd, Man, come, Prithee come.

Saun. Wun's Man an she be a Scawd, awaw with her, awaw with her, and *Johnne Johnston's* Curle ge with her.

Ger. Prithee what's that?

Saun. That is, the Deel creep into her Weem i'th' very Bottome on't, that's to the Croone, gued faith, of her Head.

Ger. Well, Sir, if you are resolv'd, I'll wait on you; to say the Truth, 'twill be my great Advantage, for if you win her, I shall have Liberty to see her younger Sister, sweet *Biancha*, to whose fair Eyes I am a Votary; and you, in Order to my Love, *Petruchio*, must help me; I'll tell you why, and how you must prefer me as a Musick-Master to old *Beaufoy*.

Pet. I understand you not.

Saun. He'd ha ye mak him her Piper, Sir, gued an ye'd mak Sauny her Piper, wuns Ide sea blea her Pipe.

Pet. Sirrah, be quiet, what I can I'll serve you in; but who comes here, *Geraldo*?

Enter Woodall and Winlove disguis'd.

Ger. 'Tis Mr. *Woodall*, a rich old Citizen, and my Rival, Heark.

Saun. Out, out, what sud a awd Carle do with a young bonny Lafs, are ye not an aud Theif, Sir?

Wood. How?

Saun. Are ye not an aud Man, Sir?

Wood. Yes marry am I, Sir.

Saun. And are not ye to marry a young Maiden?

Wood. Yes, what then?

Saun. And are you not troubled with fear Griefe, Sir?

Wood. A fear Grief, what fear Grief?

Saun.

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Saun. You're troubled with a great Weakness i'th' Bottom of your Bally; what sid yea dea with a young Maiden? Out, out, out.

Wood. You understand me, your *French* Books treat most of Love; those use her to, and now and then you may urge something of my Love and Merit? Besides her Father's Bounty, you shall find me Liberal.

Win. Monsieur, me vill tell her the very fine Ting of you, me vill make her love you wheder she can, or no?

Wood. Enough, Peace, here's *Geralds*; your Servant, Sir, I am just going to Sir *Nicholas Beaufoy*, to carry him this Gentleman, a *Frenchman*, most eminent for teaching his Country Language.

Ger. I have a Master for *Biancha* too; but waving that, I have some News to tell you, I have found out a Friend that will woo *Margaret*; what will you contribute, for he must be hir'd to't?

Wood. Why, I will give him forty Pieces in Hand, and when he has don't, I'll double the Sum.

Ger. Done, Sir, I'll undertake it.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, Ise gat it done muckle cheaper; foa twanty Punds Ise dea it my sel.

Ger. Come, down with your Money, and the Bargain's made.

Wood. But if he shou'd not do it, I don't care for throwing away so much Money.

Ger. If he don't I'll undertake he shall refund.

Wood. Why then here's ten Pieces, and that Ring I'll pawn to you for t'other Thirty, 'tis worth a Hundred; but does the Gentleman know her Qualities?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and they are such I am fond of; I wou'd not be hir'd for any Thing, to woo a Person of another Humour.

Enter Tranio brave and Jemmy.

Tran. Save you Gentlemen; pray which is the Way to Sir *Nicholas Beaufoy*'s House?

Wood. Why, Sir, what is your Business there? You pretend not to be a Servant to either of his Daughters, d'ye?

Tran.

12 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Tran. You are something blunt in your Questions, perhaps I do?

Pet. Not her that chides on any Hand I pray.

Tran. I love no Chiders: Come *Jemmy*.

Ger. Pray stay, Sir, is it the other?

Tran. May be it is, is it any Offence?

Wood. Yes, 'tis, Sir, she is my Mistress.

Ger. I must tell you, Sir, she is my Mistress too.

Tran. And I must tell you both, she is my Mistress, will that content you? Nay, never frown for the Matter.

Saun. And I mun tell ye all, there's little Hopes for *Sauny* then.

Win. The Rogue does it rarely.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Nay, nay, Gentleman, no Quarrelling, unless it were to the Purpose: Have you seen this young Lady, Sir?

Tran. No, Sir; but I'm in Love with her Character. They say she has a Sister moves like a Whirlwind.

Pet. Pray spare your Description, Sir; that Furious Lady is my Mistress; and 'till I have Married her, *Biancha* is Invisible; her Father has Sworn it, and 'till then, you must all move Forty Foot off.

Tran. I thank you for your Admonition; I should have lost my Labour else; and since you are to do all of us the Favour, I shall be glad to be numbered among your Servants, Sir.

Pet. You will honour me to accept of me for yours. But pray, Sir, let me know who obliges me with this Civility?

Tran. My Name is *Winlove*, Sir, a *Worstershire* Gentleman; where I have something, an Old Man's Death will Intitle me to, not inconsiderable. Come, Gentlemen, let's not fall out, at least till 'the Fair *Biancha's* at Liberty; shall we go sit out half an Hour at the Tavern, and Drink her Health?

Saun. Do my Bearns; and I'll Drink with ye to Countenance ye.

Pet. Ay, ay, agreed; Come, and then I'll to my Mistress.

Saun. Gude these Ladies are o' *Sauny's* Mind, they'l lather tak a Drink, nor Fight.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter Margaret and Biancha.

Marg. Marry come up, Proud Slut, must you be making your self Fine before your Elder Sister? You are the Favourite, are, you? But I shall make you know your Distance; Give me that Necklace, and those Pendants, I'll have that Whisk too, there's an old Hankerchief good enough for you.

Bian. Here, take 'em, Sister, I resign 'em freely, I wou'd give you all I have to Purchase your Kindness.

Marg. You Flattering Gypsie, I cou'd find in my Heart to Slit your Dissembling Tongue; Come, tell me, and without Lying, which of your Sutors you Love best? Tell me, or I'll beat you to Clouts, and Pinch thee like a Fairy.

Bian. Believe me, Sister, of all Men alive, I never saw that particular Face which I could Fancy more than another.

Marg. Huswife you Lye; and I could find in my Heart to dash thy Teeth down thy Throat; I know thou lov'st *Geraldo*.

Bian. If you Affect him Sister, I vow to plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Marg. O then belike you fancy Riches more, you love Old *Woodall*.

Bian. That Old Fool! Nay, now I see you but jested with me all this while; I know you are not angry with me.

Marg. If this be a Jest, then all the rest is so: I'll make ye tell me 'ere I have done with you Gossip.

Enter Beaufoy.

Beau. Why, how now Dame, whence grows this Insolence? *Biancha*, get thee in my Poor Girl; She Weeps; Fie *Peg*, put off this Devilish Humour; Why dost thou Cross thy Tender Innocent Sister? When did she Cross thee with a bitter Word?

Marg. Her Silence Flouts me, and I'll be Reveng'd.

[*Flies at Biancha.*

Beau. What in my Sight too? You scurvy Ill-natur'd Thing: Go, poor *Biancha*, get thee out of her Way.

[*Exit Bian.*

B

Marg.

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Marg. What will you not suffer me — Nay, now I see she is your Treasure ; she must have a Husband, and I Dance Barefoot on her Wedding Day : And, for your Love to her, lead Apes in Hell. I see your Care of me, I'll go and cry 'till I can find a Way to be quit with her.
[Exit,

Beau. Was ever poor Man thus plagu'd ?

Enter Woodall, Winlove disguis'd, with Jemmy, carrying a Lute and Books, and Tranio.

How now, who's here ?

Wood. Sir, your Servant. I am bold to wait on you, to present you this Gentleman, an acute Teacher of the French Tongue, his Name's Monsieur Marogier ; pray accept his Service.

Beau. I am your Debtor, Sir ; Monsieur you're welcome.

Win. Me give you humble Tanks, Sir.

Beau. But what Gentleman is that ?

Wood. I don't love him so well to tell you his Errant, but he would come along with me, you had best ask him.

Tran. I beg your Pardon for my Intrusion, we heard your fair and virtuous Daughter, *Biancha*, prais'd to such a Height of Wonder, Fame has already made me her Servant ; I've heard your Resolution not to match her 'till her eldest Sister is bestow'd, mean while I beg Ammitance, like the Rest, to keep my Hopes alive ; this *Lute*, Sir, and these few French Romances I would dedicate to her Service.

Beau. Sir, you oblige me, pray your Name ?

Tran. 'Tis *Winlove*, Son and Heir to Sir Lionel *Winlove*.

Beau. My noble Friend, he has been my School-Fellow ; for his Sake you are most kindly welcome, you shall have all the Freedom I can give you.

Enter Sauny and Geraldo disguis'd.

Saun. Haund in Haund, Sir, Ise ge tell him my fel. Whare is this Laird ?

Beau. Here, Sir, what wou'd you have, what are you ?

Saun. Marry, Ise ean a bonny Scot, Sir. *Beau.*

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Beau. A *Scotchman*, is that all?

Saun. Wuns wud ye have me a Cherub? I ha brought ye a small Teaken, Sir.

Beau. But d'ye hear you *Scot*, don't you use to put off your Cap to your Betters?

Saun. Marry, we say in *Scotland*, Geud Mourn til ye for aw the Day, and sea put on our Bonnets again, Sir; bo Sir, I ha brought ye a Teaken.

Beau. To me, where is't; from whence is your Teaken?

Saun. Marry, from my good Master *Petruchio*, Sir; he has sen you a Pipe to teach your bonny Lasses to Pipe, but gin yed let *Sauny* teach 'em? He pipe 'em sea, Whim—Whum, their Arses shall nere leave jiging and jiging while there's a Tooth in their Head.

Beau. *Petruchio*! I remember him now, how does thy Master?

Saun. Marry, Sir, he means to make ean of your Lasses his Wanch, that is, his Love and his Ligby.

Beau. You are a sawcy Rogue.

Saun. Gud wull a Sir, he'll tak your Lass with a *Long Tang* that the *Deel* and *Sauny* wun a venter on; but he's here his aun sel, Sir.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Your most humble Servant.

Beau. Noble *Petruchio* welcome, I thank you for your Kindness to my Daughters. Within there.

Enter Servant.

Conduct these Gentlemen to my Daughters, tell 'em these are both to be their Masters, bid 'em use their civilly; take in that Lute, and those Books there; *Petruchio*, I hear you have lost your Father lately.

Pet. 'Tis true, but I hope to find another in you; in short, I hear you have a fair Daughter, called *Margaret*, the World says she's a *Shrew*; but I think otherwise; you know my Fortune, if you like my Person, with your Consent, I'll be your Son-in-Law.

16 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Beau. I have such a Daughter, but I so much love you, I would not put her into your Hands, she'll make you mad.

Saun. Gud he's as mad as heart can wish, Sir, he need nea halp, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it Father, so I'll presume to call you ; I'm as Peremptory, as she's Proud-minded : And where two raging Fires meet together they do consume the Thing that feeds their Fury ; my Father's Estate I have better'd, not imbezell'd ; then tell me, if I can get your Daughter's Love, what Portion you will give ?

Beau. After my Death the Moiety of my Estate ; and on the Wedding Day three Thousand Pounds.

Pet. And I'll assure her Jointure answerable ; get Writings drawn, I'll warrant you I'll carry the Wench.

Beau. Fair Luck betide you.

Enter Geraldo Bleeding.

How now Man, what's the Matter ? Will my Daughter be a good *Lutanist* ?

Ger. She'll prove a better *Cudgel Player*, Lutes will not hold her.

Beau. Why then thou canst not break her to thy Lute.

Ger. No, but she has broke the Lute on me ; I did but tell her she mistook her Frets, and bow'd her Head to teach her Fing'rings ; Frets call you these, (quoth she) and I'll fret with you, so fairly took me o'er the Pate with the *Lute*, and set me in the Pillory ; and follow'd it with loud Vollies of Rogue, Rascal, Fidler, Jack, Puppy, and such like.

Pet. Now, by the World, I Love her Ten Times more than e'er I did.

Saun. Gud, bo the De'll a bit ye's wad her, Sir ; Wuns Ise nea gi twa Pence for my Luggs gin you make her yer Bride.

Pet. I'll warrant you *Sauny*, we'll deal with her well enough.

Beau. Well, Sir, I'll make you Reparation, proceed still with my youngest Daughter, she's apt to learn. *Petruchio*, will you go with us, or shall I send my Daughter to you ?

Pet.

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Pet. Pray do, Sir, and I'll attend her here.

[*Exeunt* Manet. *Pet.* *Saun.*

Saun. Gud an ye gi *Sauny* a little Siller to gea to Scotland agen.

Pet. Why, *Sauny*, I have not us'd thee so unkindly ?

Saun. Gud Ise nea tarry with a scauding Quean, Sir; yet the Deel faw my Luggs, if Ise ken which is worse, to tarry and ventuer my Cragg, or gea heam to Scotland.

Enter Margaret.

Pet. Peace, Sirrah, here she comes; now for a Rubbers at Cuffs. O Honey, Pretty *Peg*, how do'st thou do Wench ?

Marg. Marry come up Ragmanners, Plain *Peg* ! Where were you bred ? I am call'd Mrs. *Margaret*.

Pet. No, no, thou ly'st *Peg*. thou'rt call'd plain *Peg*, and Bonny *Peg*, and sometimes *Peg the Curst*; take this from me; Hearing thy Wildness prais'd in every Town, thy Virtues sound'd, and thy Beauty spok'd, my self am mov'd to take thee for my Wife.

Marg. I knew at first you were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable.

Marg. A Joint-Sool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it *Peg*, come sit upon me.

Marg. *Asses* were made to bear, and so were you.

Pet. Why now I see the World has much abus'd thee; 'twas told me thou wert Rough and Coy, and Sullen, but I do find thee Pleasant, Mild and Courteous; thou can'st not Frown, nor Pout, nor bite the Lip as angry Wenches do. Thou art all Sweetness.

Marg. Do not provoke me, I won't stand still and here my self abus'd.

Pet. What a Rogue was he that told me thou wert Lame; thou art as straight as an Osier, and as plyable; O what a rare Walk's there ! Why there's a Gait puts down the King of *France's* best great Horse.

Saun. And the King o' *Scotland's* tea.

Pet. Where did'st thou learn the grand Paw, *Peg* ? It becomes thee rarely.

18 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Marg. Does it so Saucebox? How will a Halter become you with a running Knot under one Ear?

Pet. Nay, no Knot *Peg*, but the Knot of Matrimony 'twixt thee and me, we shall be an Excellent *Mad Couple* well match'd.

Marg. I match'd to Thee! What to such a Fellow with such a Gridiron Face; with a Nose set on like a Candle's End stuck against a Mud Wall; and a Mouth to eat Milk-Porridge with Ladles! Foh, it almost turns my Stomach to look on't.

Saun. Gud an your Stomach wamble to see his Face, what will ye dea when ye see his Arse, Madam?

Marg. Marry come up, *Abberdeen*, take that, [*Hits him a Box on the Ear.*] and speak next when it comes to your Turn.

Saun. S'breed the Deel tak a Gripe o' yer faw Fingers and Drifs your Doublat for ye.

Pet. Take heed, *Peg*, *Sauny's* a desperate Fellow.

Marg. You're a Couple of Logger-Heads, Master and Man, that I can tell you.

Pet. Nay, nay, stay *Peg*, for all this I do like thee, and I mean to have thee, in Truth I am thy Servant.

Marg. Are you, why then I'll give you a Favour, and thus I'll tie it on; there's for you. [*Beats him.*]

Saun. Out, out, Ise gea for *Scotland*; Gud an she beat ye *Sauny's* a dead Man.

Pet. I'll swear I'll cuff you, if you strike agen.

Marg. That's the Way to loose your Arms; if you strike a Woman, you are no Gentleman.

Pet. A Herald *Peg*? Prithee Blazen my Coat.

Marg. I know not your Coat, but your Crest is a Coxcomb. [*Offers to go away.*]

Pet. Stop her, Sirrah, stop her.

Saun. Let her gea her gate, Sir, an e'n twa Deels and a Scotch Wutch, blaw her Weeme full of Wind.

Pet. Stay her, Sirrah, stay her, I say.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, stay her yer sen; but hear ye, Sir, an her Tale gea as fast as her Tang, Gud ye ha meet with a Whupster, Sir.

Pet.

The Taming of the SHREW. 19

Pet. Prithee *Peg* stay, and I'll talk to thee in Earnest.

Marg. You may pump long enough 'ere you get out a wise Word ; get a Night-Cap to keep your Brains warm.

Pet. I mean thou shalt keep me warm in thy Bed, *Peg*. What think'st thou of that, *Peg* ? In plain Terms, without more ado, I have your Father's Consent, your Portion's agreed upon, your Jointure settled ; and for your own Part, be willing, or unwilling, all's one, you I will marry, I am resolv'd on't.

Marg. Marry come up Jack-a-Lent, without my Leave ?

Pet. A Rush for your Leave, here's a Clutter with a troublesome Woman ; rest you contented, I'll have it so.

Marg. You shall be bak'd first, you shall ! Within there, ha !

Pet. Hold, get me a Stick there *Sauny* ; by this Hand, deny to Promise before your Father, I'll not leave you a whole Rib, I'll make you do't and be glad on't.

Marg. Why you will not Murder me, Sirrah ? You are a Couple of Rascals, I don't think but you have pickt my Pockets.

Saun. I'll sooner pick your Tang out o' your Head, nor pick your Pocket.

Pet. Come leave your idle Prating, have you I will, or no Man ever shall ; whoever else attempts it, his Throat I'll cut, before he lies one Night with thee ; it may be, thine too for Company ; I am the Man am born to tame thee, *Peg*.

Enter *Beaufoy*, *Woodall* and *Tranio*.

Here comes your Father ; never make Denial, if you do, you know what follows.

Marg. The Devil's in this Fellow, he has beat me at my own Weapon ; I have a good mind to marry him to try if he can tame me.

Beau. Now, *Petruchio*, how speed you with my Daughter ?

Pet. How, but well, it were impossible I shou'd speed amiss, 'tis the best natur'd'st Lady——

Beau. Why, how now Daughter, in your Dumps ?

Marg.

Marg. You shew a Father's Care indeed to match me with this mad hectoring Fellow.

Pet. She has been abus'd, Father, most unworthily, she is not curst unless for Policy; for Patience, a second *Grizel*: Betwixt us we have so agreed, the Wedding is to be on *Thursday* next.

Saun. Gud *Sauny's* gear for *Scotland* a *Tuesday* then.

Wood. Hark, *Petruchio*, she says she'll see you hang'd first, is this your Speeding? I shall make you refund.

Pet. Fish, that's but a Way she has gotten, I have woo'd her, won her, and she's my own; we have made a Bargain that before Company she shall maintain a little of her extravagant Humour, for she must not seem to fall off from't too soon; when we are alone, we are the kindest, loving'st, tender'st Chickens to one another! Pray Father provide the Feast, and bid the Guests, I must Home to settle some Things, and fetch some Writings in order to her Jointure, — Farewel Gallants, give me thy Hand, *Peg*.

Beau. I know not what to say, but give me your Hands, send you Joys; *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.

Wood. Tran. Amen, say we, we all are Witnesses.

Marg. Why, Sir, d'ye mean to match me in spite of my Teeth?

Pet. Nay, peace, *Peg*, peace, thou need'st not be peevish before these, 'tis only before Strangers, according to our Bargain: Come, *Peg*, thou shalt go see me take Horse, farewell Father.

Marg. As I live I will not.

Pet. By this Light but you shall; nay, no testy Tricks, away. [*Exeunt*:

Saun. Gud Ife be your Lieutenant and bring up your Beer, Madam. [*Exit*:

Wood. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly?

Beau. Faith, Gentlemen, I have ventur'd madly on a desperate Man.

Wood. But now, Sir, as to your younger Daughter, you may remember my long Love and Service.

Tran. I hope I may (without Arrogance, Sir) beg you to look on me as a Person of more Merit.

Beau.

The Taming of the SHREW. 21

Beau. Content ye Gentlemen, I'll compound this Strife, 'tis Deeds, not Words, must win the Price; I love you both, but he that can assure my Daughter the noblest Jointure has her; what say you, Sir?

Wood. I'll make it out my Estate is worth *De clara*, full twenty Thousand Pounds, besides some Ventures at Sea; and all, I have, at my Decease, I give her.

Tran. Is that all, Sir? Alas, 'tis too Light, Sir, I am my Father's Heir, and only Son, and his Estate is worth Three Thousand Pound *per Annum*; that will afford a Jointure answerable to her Portion; no Debts, nor Incumbrances, no Portions to be paid——have I nip'd you, Sir?

Beau. I must confess your Offer is the best; and let your Father make her this Assurance, she is your own, else you must pardon me; if you should die before him, where's her Power?

Tran. That's but a Cavil; he's old, I young.

Wood. And may not young Men die as well as old, have I nip'd you there again?

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd, on *Thursday* my Daughter *Peg* is to be married; the *Thursday* following *Biancha's* yours, if you make this Assurance; if not, Mr. *Woodall* has her; and so I take my Leave, and thank you both. *[Exit.]*

Wood. Sir, your Servant; now I fear you not: Alas, young Man, your Father is not such a Fool, to give you all, and, in his waining Age, set Footing under your Table: You may go Whistle for your Mistress, ha, ha, ha. *[Exit.]*

Tran. A Vengeance on your crafty wither'd Hide. Yet 'tis in my Head to do my Master good: I see no Reason why this suppos'd young *Winlove* should not get a suppos'd Father, call'd, Sir *Lionel Winlove*; and that's a Wonder, Fathers commonly get Children, but here the Case must be alter'd.

Love brings such Prodigies as these to Town,

For that, at best, turns all Things upside down. *[Exit.]*

A C T



A C T III.

Enter Winlove, Geraldo, Biancha. A Table cover'd with Velvet, two Chairs and Guittar. A Paper prick'd with SONGS.

Ger.  R A Y, Madam, will you take out this Lesson on the Guittar?

Win. Here be de ver fine Story in de Varld of Monsieur *Apollo*, and Madamofelle *Daphne*; me vill read you dat, Madam.

Ger. Good, Madam, mind not that Monsieur Short-hose, but learn this Lesson first.

Win. Begar, Monsieur Fideler, you be de vera fine troublesome Fellow, me vil make de great Hole in your Head wid de Guittar, as *Margaret* did.

Ger. This is no Place to quarrel in; but remember—

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong, to strive for that which resteth in my bare Choice; to end the Quarrel, sit down and tune your Instrument, and by that Time his Lecture will be done.

Ger. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in Tune.

Bian. Yes, yes, pray be satisfied: Come, Monsieur, let's see your Ode.

Win. I do suspect that Fellow. Sure he's no Lute-Master. *[Aside.]*

Bian. Here's the Place.

Win. Come, read.

[She reads.]

Bian. Do not believe I am a Frenchman, my Name is Winlove; he that bears my Name about the Town, is my Man Tranio. I am your passionate Servant, and must live by your Smiles; therefore be so good, to give Life to my Hopes.

Ger.

The Taming of the SHREW. 23

Ger. Madam, your *Guittar* is in Tune.

Bian. Let's hear ; fie, there's a String split.

Win. Make de Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune it again.

Bian. Now let me see. I know not how to believe you ; but if it be true, noble Mr. *Winlove* deserves to be lov'd ; and in the mean Time, keep your own Council ; and it is not impossible but your Hopes may be converted into Certainities.

Ger. Madam, now 'tis perfectly in Tune.

Win. Fie, fie, began no Tune at all.

Bian. Now, Sir, I am for you.

Ger. Monsieur, pray walk now, and give me leave a while ; my Lesson will make no Musick in three Parts.

Win. Me vil no trouble you, Monsieur Fiddeler. I am confident it is so, this must be some Person that has taken a Disguise, like me, to court *Biancha*, I'll watch him. [Aside.

Ger. First, Madam, be pleas'd to sing the last Song that I taught you, and then we'll proceed.

Bian. I'll try, but I'm afraid I shall be out.

S O N G.

Ger. Madam, before you proceed any farther, there are some few Rules set down in this Paper, in order to your Fingering, will be worth your Perusal.

Bian. Let's see.

[Reads.

Tho' I appear a Lute-Master, yet know, my fair Biancha, I have but taken this Disguise to get Access to you, and tell you I am your humble Servant, and passionate Admirer,

Geraldo.

Pish. take your Rules again, I like 'em not, the old Way pleases me best, I do not care for changing old Rules, for these foolish new Inventions.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord calls for you to help dress the Bride.

Bian. Farewel then Master, I must be gone [Ex.

Ger.

24 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Ger. I know not what to think of her; this Fellow looks as if he were in Love, and she careſſes him. Theſe damn'd *French-Men* have got all the Trade in Town; if they get up all the handsome Women, the *Engliſh* muſt e'en march into *Wales* for Miſtreſſes; well, if thy Thoughts, *Biancha*, are grown ſo low, to caſt thy wand'ring Eyes on ſuch a Kickſhaw, I'm reſolv'd to ply my Widow. [Exit.

Win. I am glad I'm rid of him, that I may ſpeak my Mother Tongue agen; *Biancha* has given me Hopes, I dare half believe ſhe loves me.

Enter Beaufoy, Woodall, Tranio, Margaret, *Biancha*,
and Attendants.

But here's her Father.

Beau. Believe me, Gentlemen, 'tis very ſtrange! This Day *Petruchio* appointed, yet he comes not; methinks he ſhould be more a Gentleman, than to put ſuch a Slur upon my Family,

Marg. Nay, you have us'd me finely, and like a Father; I muſt be forc'd to give my Hand againſt my Will, to a rude mad-brain'd Fellow here! Who Woo'd in haſte, and means to Wed at Leiſure. This comes of obeying you; if I'd do't again, were you ten thouſand Fathers, hang me.

Tran. Be patient, Madam, on my Life he'll come; though he be blunt and merry, I'm ſure he's noble; good, Madam, go put on your Wedding Cloaths, I know he'll be with you ere you're drefs'd.

Marg. Wedding Cloaths, I'll ſee him hang'd before I'll have him unleſs it be to ſcratch his Eyes out.

[Exit weeping.

Beau. Poor Girl! I cannot blame thee now to weep, for ſuch an Injury wou'd vex a Saint; tho' I am old, I ſhall find ſome Body will call him to a ſtrict Account for this.

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. O Maſter, News! News! And ſuch News as you never heard of.

Beau.

Beau. Why, what News have you, Sir?

Jem. Is't not News to hear of *Petruchio's* Coming?

Beau. Why is he come?

Jem. Why no my Lord.

Beau. What then, Sirrah?

Jem. He's coming, Sir.

Beau. When will he be here?

Jem. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Beau. Well, Sirrah, is this all the News?

Jem. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat, and an old Jerkin, a pair of Breeches thrice turn'd, a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-cases; an old rusty Sword with a broken Hilt, and never a Chape; upon an old Lean, Lame, Spavin'd, Glander'd, Broken-winded Jade, with a Woman's Crupper of Velvet, here and there piec'd with Packthread.

Tran. Who comes with him?

Jem. O, Sir, his Man *Sauny*, and in an Equipage very suitable to his Master; he looks no more like a Christian-Footman, than I look like a Windmill.

Wood. This is a most strange extravagant Humour.

Beau. I'm glad he comes, however he be!

Enter Petruchio and Sauny strangely Habited.

Pet. Come, where are these Gallants, who's at Home?

Beau. You're welcome, Sir, I'm glad you're come at last.

Tran. I think I have seen you in better Cloaths.

Pet. Never, never, Sir, this is my Wedding-suit: Why, how now, how now, Gentlemen? What d'ye stare at, d'ye take me for a Monster?

Wood. Faith, in that Habit you might pass for one in the Fair.

Pet. O, you talk merrily, my Taylor tells me it is the newest Fashion: But where's my *Peg*? I stay too long from her, the Morning wears, 'tis Time we were at Church.

Tran. Why you won't visit her thus?

Pet. Marry, but I will.

Saun. And sea will *Sauny* tea, Sir.

C

Beau.

Beau. But you will not Marry her so, will you?

Saun. A my Saul sal he, Sir.

Pet. To me she's Married, not to my Cloaths; will ye along Father and Gentlemen? I'll go to Church immediately, not tarry a Minute.

Saun. Heré ye, Sir, ye sal Marry after the *Scottish* Directory, then gin ye like her not, ye maw put her awaw; how say ye now? [Exit. *Pet. and Saun.*

Tran. He has some Meaning in this mad Attire, but you must perswade him to put on a better, 'ere he goes to Church.

Beau. Let's after and see what will become of it.

[Exit.

Tran. Well, Sir, you find there's no other Way, 'tis too short Warning to get your Father up; shou'd you steal the Match, who knows but both the old Fools wou'd so deeply resent it to your Prejudice.

Win. Why, prithee this Way it will be stolen, for 'tis but a Cheat, which will be in a little Time discover'd.

Tran. That's all one, it carries a better Face, and we shall have the more Sport: Besides, 'ere it comes out, your Father may be wrought to like it, and confirm my Promises; she is suitable to you every Way, and she is rich enough to do it, and loves you well enough besides.

Win. Well, if it must be so, let's contrive it handsomely.

Tran. Let me alone, *Jemmy* shall do the Business, he shall find out some Knight of the Post, that shall be old Sir *Lyon Winlowe* here, and make Assurance of a greater Jointure than I propos'd; ne'er fear it, Sir, I'll so instruct him, it shall be carried without the least Suspicion.

Win. Ay, but you know old *Beaufoy* knows my Father.

Tran. That's nothing, 'tis so many Years since he saw him, he will never distinguish him by his Face.

Win. This may be done; but notwithstanding all, did not my fellow Teacher, that damn'd Lute-Master, so nearly watch us, 'twou'd not be amiss to steal a Marriage, and that once perform'd, let all the World say no, I'll keep my own.

Tran.

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Tran. That we may think on too : This same Lute-Master I more than half suspect.

Win. And so do I.

Tran. I have miss'd a Gentleman out of the Gang a good while ; but let that pass, I have already sent *Jemmy* to find a Man.

Enter Woodall.

To our Postures, here's Mr. *Woodall*, he must be chous'd too among the rest. Save you, Sir ; came you from the Church ?

Wood. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Tran. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home ?

Wood. A Bridegroom ! Why, he's a Bridegroom for the Devil ; a Devil, a very Fiend.

Tran. Why she's a Devil, an errant Devil ; nay, the Devil's Dam.

Wood. But she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Child to him : When the Priest ask'd if he would take *Margaret* for his Wife, I by God's Wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud ! that all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the Book ; and as the Sexton stoop'd to take it up, this mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a Cuff, that down fell Sexton, Book, and all again ; now take it up, quoth he, if any list.

Tran. What said the poor Bride to this ?

Wood. Trembled and shook like an Aspen-Leaf ; after this, just as the Parson joyn'd their Hands, he call'd to his roguish *Scotchman* for a Glass of *Muscadine*, drank his Wife's Health, and threw the Toast in the Clerk's Face, because his Beard grew thin and hungry ; then took the Bride about the Neck and gave her such a Smack the Church echo'd again ; the Sight of this made me run away for shame. I know they are following by this Time ; but heark, I hear the Minstrels. [*Musick.*]

Enter Beaufoy, Petruchio, Margaret, Biancha, Geraldo, Sauny, &c.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains ; I know you think to Dine with me to Day, and have prepar'd great Store of Wedding Chear ; but

so it is, grand Business calls me hence, and I must take my Leave.

Beau. Is't possible you will away to Night?

Pet. I must immediately, if you knew my Business you wou'd not wonder: Well, honest Gentlemen, I thank you all, that have beheld me give away my self to this most patient, sweet and virtuous Wife; Dine with my Father here, and drink my Health, for I must hence, so farewell to you all.

Saun. Wuns will ye nea eat your Wadden Dunner, Sir?

Tran. Let us intreat you to stay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It must not be.

Marg. Let me intreat you.

Pet. That will do much, I am content.

Marg. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shou'd intreat me, but yet I will not stay, intreat me how you can.

Marg. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. I cannot; *Sauny* the Horses.

Saun. They have nea eat their Wadden Dunner yet.

Pet. Sirrah, get the Horses.

Marg. Nay, then, do what thou canst, I won't go to Day, nor to Morrow, nor 'till I please my self. The Door is open, Sir, there lies your Way, you may be jogging while your Boots be green.

Pet. O *Peg*, content thee, prithee be not angry.

Marg. I will be angry, what hast thou to do? Father be quiet, he shall stay my Leisure.

Wood. Ay marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Marg. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal Dinner; I see a Woman may be made a Fool of, if she want Spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Peg*, at thy Command; obey the Bride, you that attend on her. Go to the Feast, Revel, Carouse, and Dance, be Mad, or Merry, or go hang your selves; but for my bonny *Peg*, she must with me; nay, look not big upon't, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; come, come, gently, so, so, so, that's my good *Peg*, I will be Master of my own; she is my pro-
per

The Taming of the SHREW. 29

per Goods and Chattels ; my House, my Ox, my Ass, my any Thing ; look here she stands, touch her who dare ; I'll make him smother that offers to stop me in my Way. *Sauny* ; unsheath thy Dudgeon Dagger, we are beset with Thieves ; rescue thy Mistress if thou art a Man : Fear not sweet Wench, I'll Buckler thee against a Million ; nay, come.

Marg. Will none of you help me ?

Saun. The Deel a Bit of Dunner ye gat. Gud an ye woud speak to your Cuke to gi *Sauny* a little Mutton and Porridge to put in his Wallet. [*Exeunt* Pet. Marg. Saun.]

Beau. Nay, let 'em go, a Couple of quiet ones.

Tran. Never was so mad a Match.

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, let's in, we have a Dinner, although we want a Bride and Bridegroom to it ; *Biancha* you shall take your Sister's Room, and Mr. *Winlove*, you may practice for a Bridegroom. [*Exeunt.*]

Wood. Monsieur, how do ye find my Mistress inclin'd ?

Win. Me can no tell dat yet, but in Time Monsieur sal inform you.

Wood. Pray ply her close ; here's something for you.

[*Exit* Woodall.]

Win. Me tank you, Sir ; ha, ha, I must go tell this to my *Biancha*. [*Exit* Winlove.]

Tran. Heark ye, Sir, you may inform me. Pray what think you, does Madam *Biancha* fancy any other but my self ? She bears me fair in Hand ; pray discover, Sir ? I shall not be ungrateful.

Ger. Troth, Sir, I think she's as all other Women are.

Tran. How is that pray ?

Ger. Why fickle and foolish ?

Tran. Why d'ye think so of her ? She was always held discreet.

Ger. No sober Man will think so ; I tell you, Sir, she cares neither for you, nor any Man that's worth caring for ; she's fallen in Love with a Monsieur *Jackdaw*, a Fellow that teaches bad *French*, in worse *English*.

Tran. That Fellow ! Why, 'tis impossible.

Ger. 'Tis true tho'.

30 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Ger. If he were, he has spoken one Word for him, and two for himself.

Tran. Why, I am confident he was employ'd by old Woodall as his Instrument to court her for him.

Enter Winlove leading Biancha.

See here they come Hand in Hand, stand close, perhaps your Eyes may convince you.

Win. Madam, you need not doubt my Passion; by those fair Eyes I swear (an Oath inviolable) you have made a Conquest over me so absolute, that I must die your Captive.

Tran. What does he say? What does he say?

Ger. I cannot hear, listen.

Bian. I must believe you, Sir; there's some strange Power attends your Words; your attractive Actions, and your Person, which is too strong for my weak Resistance; you have won, but do not boast your Victory.

Tran. Nay, then I see 'tis so, I cannot hold! Madam, you must forgive my Interruption; you have us'd me kindly, fool'd me with fine Hopes; your Monsieur there has read excellent Lessons to you.

Bian. Sir, I understand you not.

Ger. That is, you won't.

Win. What be de Matter, Monsieur Fidler?

Ger. No Fidler, nor no Lutanist, Monsieur; no Point, but one that scorns to live in a Disguise; for such a one as leaves a Gentleman, to doat upon a *Pardonnez-moy*, Jack-pudding; know, I am a Gentleman, my Name *Geraldo*.

Bian. Alas, Sir; and have you been my Master all this while, and I never knew it?

Ger. Yes, sweet Lady, you did know it; I see you have a little Spice of *Peg* in you: But I have done with you: Mr. *Winlove*, pray tell me, don't you hate this Gentlewoman now?

Tran. I cannot say I hate her; but I'm sure I don't love her for this Day's Works: wou'd she court me, I swear I wou'd not have her.

Ger.

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Ger. Nor I, by Heavens; I have sworn, and will keep my Oath

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, I hope you will not both give the Willow-Garland!

Ger. Go, go, you are a scurvy Woman; I have a Widow that has lov'd me as long as I have lov'd you: Sweet Lady, I am not Bankrupt for a Mistress: 'Tis true, she's something of your Sister's Humour, a little Way-ward; but one Three Day's Time at the Taming-School, will make her vye with any Wife in England; and then I can pass by you unconcern'd.

Bian. The Taming-School! For Heaven's Sake, where is that, Sir?

Ger. Why your Brother *Petruchio's* House: I doubt you must there too, ere you'll be good for any Thing; I'll to him immediately: Farewel thou vile Woman. [Ex.

Bian. Ha, ha, ha, this is excellent.

Tran. Madam, I beg your Pardon; but I hope my Boldness with you, has done my Master some Service.

Win. Believe me it has *Tranio*, and I must thank thee.

Enter *Jemmy*.

Now, Sirrah, Whether away in such haste?

Jem. O, Master, I have found him.

Win. What? Who hast thou found?

Jem. A rare old Sinner in the Temple-Cloysters will do the Feat to a Hair.

Bian. What Feat? What's to be done?

Win. That which I told you of my Fairest: Where is he?

Jem. Here, here, he walks in the Court.

Bian. Well, I must in, or I shall be mis'd.

Carry the Matter handsomely, and let me not suffer. [Exit.

Win. Fear not, Madam, call him in *Tranio*.

You must instruct him; I'll not be seen in't.

[Exit.

Enter *Jemmy* and *Snatchpenny*.

Tran. Now Friend, what are you?

Snatch. Any Thing that you please, Sir.

Tran. Any Thing: Why, what can you do?

Snatch.

32 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Snatch, Any Thing, for so much as concerns *Swearing* and *Lying* to your Worpship's Service; and to get an *honest Livehood*, so please you to employ me.

Tran. Why thou may'st serve turn I think; but I'll put thee to no *Swearing*, *bare Lying* and *Impudence* will serve for my Occasion; you must bate of the Price for that.

Snatch. Faith, Sir, they're both of a Price, take 'em or leave 'em.

Tran. But can'st thou manage and carry off a good well contriv'd Lye, to the best Advantage?

Snatch. I should be very sorry else; it has been my Trade these Seven and Thirty Years; never fear it, Sir.

Jem. Nay, I pickt him out amongst half a Score; I fancy'd he had the best lying Face amongst 'em.

Tran. Well, come along with me, and I'll Instruct you; but if you fail, look to your Ears, if you have any.

Snatch. I'll venture Neck and all to do it, Sir. [*Exit*.]

Enter Sauny and Curtis severally. Petruchio's House.

Curt. Honest *Sauny*, welcome, welcome.

Saun. *Sauny's* Hungry; can't you gat a little Meat, Sir?

Curt. Yes, yes, *Sauny*.

Saun. Ye mun gat a geud Fire, Sir? Mrs. Bride has gat a saw intul a Dike, she's aw wet, Sir; gud she has not a dry thread to her Arse.

Curt. Is *Master* and *Mistress* coming *Sauny*?

Saun. Gud are they, gin they be nea frozen to the ground; bo where's your Fire, Man?

Curt. 'Tis making, 'tis making, all Things are ready; prithee what News, good *Sauny*, what kind of Woman is our *Mistress*?

Saun. Ken ye twa twanty Deels, Sir.

Curt. Marry, Heaven defend us.

Saun. Gud she has ean twa twanty Deels, Ise nea bate ye ean of 'em.

Curt. They say she's a cruel Shrew.

Saun. O my faul, Sir, Ise haud a thousand Pund, she's set up her Tang, and scaud fro *Edingbrough* to *London*, and nere draw bit for't.

Curt.

The Taming of the SHREW. 33

Curt. What shall we do then, there will be no living for us.

Saun. Gud will there not; wuns I think the Deel has flead off her Skin, and put his Dam intul't; bo where's *Philip* and *George* and *Gregory*,

Curt. They're all ready; what ho, come forth here, *Philip*, *George*, *Jeseph*, *Nick*, where are you?

Enter 4 or 5 Serving-Men.

Philip. Honest *Sauny*, welcome Home.

Saun. Gat me some Meat, and I'll believe ye, Sir.

Geor. I am glad to see thee *Sauny*.

Saun. Gat me a Drink, and I'll believe ye tea.

Jeseph. What, *Sauny* come to Town again, welcome?

Saun. Wuns, walcome, walcome, gat me geud Meat and Drink, that is walcome, Sir.

Nick. Old lusty Fellow *Sauny*, welcome.

Saun. How d'ye *Wully*?

Nick. D'ye hear the News, *Sauny*? *Wully Watts* is Dead.

Saun. S'blead, nea Man that geas on twa Leggs cou'd slay *Wully Watts*, Sir.

Nick. True; for he was fairly hang'd.

Saun. I was sure nea Man that went on twa Leggs cou'd slay him.

Nick. You are in the right *Sauny*, for 'twas one with Three Leggs; 'twas Mr. *Tyburn*, for he was fairly hang'd.

Saun. S'blead ye Lye, Sir, the Gallows might kill him, and break his stout Heart; but it cou'd nea hang him: 'Tis hang an *English Man*.

Nick. Well, but what kind of Woman is our Mistress, *Sauny*?

Saun. You'l ken soon enough 'tea your Sorrow, and wea, Sir; ye've aw twa Luggs apiece o' your Head. A my Saul I'll nea gea ye twa Pennys for them by 'th' Morn: How say ye now?

Enter Petruchio and Margaret.

Pet. Where are these Idle Rogues? What no more at Door to hold my Stirrup, or take my Horses? Where's *Curtis*, *Philip*, *Nick* and *Gregory*?

All.

34 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

All. Here, here, here, Sir.

Pet. Here, here, here, you Loggerhead Currs; what, no Attendance, no Regard, no Duty? Where's that Foolish Knave I sent before.

Saun. Wuns, Sir, Ise be sea hungry, and sea empty, ye may travel quite through me, and nere faw your Fingers, Sir.

Pet. You Mangy Rogue, did not I bid you meet me in the Park, and bring these Roscals with you?

Saun. Gud did ye, Sir; bo Ise sea hungry, Ise ha nea Memory, deliver your Message yoursel, Sir.

Pet. Be gone you Slaves, and fetch my Supper in; Rogues do I speak, and don't you fly to make haste?

[Exit 2 or 3 Servants.]

Set down *Peg*, and Welcome. Why when I Pray, nay good sweet *Peg* be Merry, these are Country Clownish Fellows; prithee be Merry: Off with my Boots, Sirrah, you Rogues, ye Villains, When

S I N G S.

*It was the Orders of the Fryar Gray,
As forth he walked on his Way.*

Marg. Sure he will run himself out of Breath, and then it will be my turn.

Pet. Out you Rogue; you pluck my Boot awry; take that; (*Boxes him*) and mend it in pulling off the other. Be Merry *Peg*, some Water here, ho; where's my Spaniel, Sirrah? Make haste and desire my Cousin *Ferdinand* to come hither, one, *Peg*, you must kiss, and be acquainted with: Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some Water? Come, *Peg*, wash and welcome heartily.

Saun. Wuns be where is the Meat to mack her welcome?

Marg. We shall fall out if we wash together.

Pet. You whoreson Villain, will you let it fall?

Marg. Pray, Sir, be patient, 'twas an unwilling Fault.

Table

Table cover'd. Enter Servants with Meat.

Pet. An idle, careless, beetle-headed-Slave. Come, *Peg*, sit down, I know you have a Stomach, will you give Thanks, sweet *Peg*, or shall I? Or each for our selves? Come, fall to, what's this, Mutton?

Saun. Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. Who bought it?

Curt. I did, Sir.

Pet. You Rascal you, 'tis not Mutton, 'tis the Breast of a Dog; what Curs are these? 'Tis dry'd and burnt to a Coal too, where is this Rascal Cook? How dare you bring such rotten Meat to my Table? What d'ye mean to Poyson me, ye heedless Jolt-Heads? Ye ill manner'd Whelps, what d'ye grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Marg. Pray Husband be content, the Meat is good Meat; and I am very hungry, I must and will eat some of it.

Pet. Not for the World *Peg*, I Love thee better than so; 'tis burnt and will ingender Choler, a Disease we are both too Subject to; I love thee too well to give thee any Thing to hurt thee, we'll fast to Night, to Morrow we'll make it up.

Marg. Say what you will, Sir, I'll eat some of it; did you bring me hither to starve me?

Pet. Why ye Rascals will ye stand Still and see your Mistress Poyson her self? Take it away out of her Sight, quickly. [*Throws the Meat at 'em, Sauny gets it.*]

Saun. Gud *Sauny* will venture, Poyson and 'twall.

Pet. Well *Peg*, this Night we'll fast for Company; come, I'll bring thee to the Bridal Chamber.

Marg. I must eat something, I shall be sick else; but an Egg.

Pet. No, no, prithee don't talk on't; to Bed upon a full Stomach!

Marg. But a Crust of Bread.

Pet. To Morrow, to Merrow; come, prithee away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Geor. Did'st ever see the like?

Curt.

36 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Curt. He kills her in her own Humour.

Phil. Have you said Grace, *Sauny*?

Saun. Gud I was sea hungry, I forgot Grace. O thou that hast fill'd our Boyes and our Blathers, keep us aw from Whoredome and Secrecy.

Nick. Secrecy? Why *Sauny*?

Saun. Wuns Man, it is Witchcraft; Peace, you put me out with the Deel's Name to ye: Keep us aw from Whoredom and Secrecy, fro the Dinger o' the Swatch to the Gallow-Tree, keep us aw, we beseech thee, take a Drink Man.

Phil. Are ye full now, *Sauny*?

Saun. As fow as a Piper, ye may put ean Finger in at my Mouth, and another in at my Arse, and feel both Ends o' my Dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, as in a Bed-Chamber, Petruchio, Peg,
Servants and Sauny.*

Pet. Where are you, you Rogues? Some Lights there; come *Peg* undress, to Bed, to Bed.

Marg. Pray send your Men away, and call for some of your Maids.

Pet. Maids, hang Maids, I have no such Vermin about my House, any of these will do as well: Here *Sauny*, come hither, Sirrah, and undress your Mistress.

Saun. O my Saul, Sir, Ise put on my Head-piece; now, an ye'll bind her Hands behind her, Ise undress her. [*Goes to take up ber Coats.*]

Pet. What dost thou do?

Saun. In *Scotland*, we awayes begin at the nether End of a bonny Lais.

Pet. Who made this Bed? What Rascals are these? Foh! These Sheets are as musty as the Devil, and what Rags are here upon my Bed? Is this a Counterpane? 'Tis a Dishclout

Marg. Why the Counterpane is well enough, and rich enough, and the Sheets are as clean as may be.

Pet. Fie, fie, *Peg*, thou hast got a Cold, and lost thy Smelling; I tell thee they are damp and musty, I would not have thee venture to lie in 'em for the World, it wou'd

wou'd be thy Death ; here take 'em away, we must e'en sit up, there's no Remedy.

Marg. Pray, Sir, talk not of sitting up, I am so sleepy I can't hold my Eyes open, I must to Bed.

Pet. I'll keep thee waking, I warrant thee ; ho, *Curtis*, bring us a Flaggon of *March-Beer*, and some Tobacco, and clean Pipes, we'll be merry. [Exit Curtis.]

Marg. Why what d'ye mean, are you mad ?

Pet. Mad ! Ay, what should we do ? I mean thou and I Hand to Fist, will drink a Health to my Father, and my Sister, and all our good Friends at *London*.

Enter Servant with Beer and Tobacco.

Marg. Why you don't take me to be one of your fellow Tospots ?

Pet. I mean to teach thee to Drink ; thou must learn that, or thou'rt no Wife for me : Here, *Peg*, to thee with all my Heart, a whole one, and thou art welcome ; my Father's good Health, *Peg*, you shall pledge it.

Marg. I can't drink without eating ; 'twill make me Sick.

Pet. Pish, Pish, that's but a Fancy ; come, off with it, or thou shalt neither eat nor drink this Month.

Marg. Shall I go to Bed when I have drank it ?

Saun. Gud an ye'd gi *Sauny* a little Drink, Madam.

Pet. Talk of that anon. [She Drinks] So, here, *Peg*, here's a Pipe I have fill'd for thee my self ; sit down, and light it.

Marg. D'ye mean to make a meer Hackney-Horse of me ? What do you offer me your nasty Tobacco for ?

Pet. Nay, ne'er make so sly, I know thou lov'st it ; come, young Ladies are often troubled with the Tooth-Ach, and take it in their Chambers, though they won't appear good Fellows amongst us ; take it, or no Sleep, nor Meat, *Peg*, d'ye hear.

Marg. Yes, to my Grief ; I won't be abus'd thus.

[Weeps.]

Pet. Nay, nay, go where thou wilt, I'll make thee smoak before I sleep.

[Exeunt.]

D

A C T



A C T IV.

Enter Petruchio and Sauny.

Pet.  Irrah, wait on your Mistress; say what you will to her, and vex her, but do not touch her; and let her have no Meat I charge ye.

Saun. 'Sbleed, Sir, send her into the Highlands in Scotland, there's Hunger and Caud enough, there she may starve her Bally foo.

Pet. Well, Sirrah, do as I direct you.

[*Exit.*

Saun. O my Saul wull I, Sir; ye'll let me take my Head-piece to defend me, Sir?

Enter Margaret.

Marg. What Gregory, Philip! No Body near me?
Sauny, Where are you?

Saun. Ise e'en hard at your Arse, Madam.

Marg. Where's your Master?

Saun. He's gone to the Market himsel, and he'll bring ye heam a braw Bull's Puzzle to fwadle your Weam with.

Marg. And in the mean Time I am famish'd; was ever Woman us'd so damnably? I am starv'd for Meat, giddy for want of Sleep; and that which Spites me more than all the rest, is, he pretends 'tis out of Care and Love to me: Prithee, good *Sauny*, give me some Meat.

Saun. O my Saul, *Sauny* wou'd be hang'd; gin I sud bestow an aw'd liquor'd Boot, *Sauny* will cut it into Tripes to stuff your Weam with.

Marg. Good *Sauny*, here's Money for thee, but one little bit of any Thing to stay my fainting Spirits?

Saun. What will you eat a Bit of Beef?

Marg.

The Taming of the SHREW. 39

Marg. Ay, good *Sauny*.

Saun. Will ye eat some Mustard to't ?

Marg. Ay, good *Sauny*, quickly.

Saun. Mustard is nea gud for your Tang, 'twill make it tea keen, and ye can scau'd fast enough without.

Marg. Why then the Beef without Mustard.

Saun. Gud Beef is nea geud without Mustard : *Sauny* will fetch ye some Meal and Water, ye'll make ye a *Scotch* Pudding, ye'll Eat of that tull your Weam crack.

Marg. You abusive Rogue take that, [*Beats him.*] Must I be brav'd thus by my own Servant ?

Saun. The Dee'l wash your Face with a Fou Clout.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Why, how now, Sirrah, will you strike your Mistress ? You cowardly Rogue, strike a Woman !

Saun. S'blead, Sir, d'ye caw a *Scotsman* a Coward ? Gin Ise had you in *Scotland*, Ise put my Whinyard in your Weam, gin ye were as stout as *Gilderoy*.

Ger. Why *Gilderoy* was as errant a Coward as thou art.

Saun. Wuns, yeed be lath to keep the Grund that *Gilderoy* quits ; yet, I must confess, he was a little Shame-fac'd before the Enemy.

Marg. O, Mr. *Geraldo*, never was poor Woman so us'd. For Charity sake convey me Home to my Father.

Enter Petruchio with a Dish of Meat.

Pet. Here, *Peg*, here's Meat for thee, I have drefs'd it my self, my Dear ; *Geraldo*, welcome, this was kindly done to visit *Peg* and me ; come, *Peg*, fall to, here's an excellent Piece of *Veal*.

Marg. Why, 'tis a *Pullet*.

Pet. Why, 'tis *Veal* ; art thou mad ?

Marg. You won't perswade me out of my *Senies* ? 'Tis a *Pullet*.

Saun. Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. What an unhappy Man am I, my poor Dear *Peg*'s distracted, I always fear'd 'twould come to this. Take the Meat away, *Curtis* ; is the Room ready as I order'd ? Are the Lights damm'd up ?

D 2

Curt.

Curt. Yes, Sir.

Marg. Why, what d'ye mean to do with me?

Pet. Poor *Peg*, I pity thee; but thou shall want no Help for thy Cure; you must be kept from the Light, it troubles thy Brain.

Ger. I see I shall learn, he's an excellent Teacher.

Marg. Why, Sir, pray tell me, have you a mind to make me mad? This is the Way indeed: How have I injur'd you, that you use me thus inhumanly? Did you marry me to starve me?

Saun. He means to bring down your Weam for a Race; for we aways cry a Nag with a Weam, but a Mare with nean.

Pet. No, no, good *Peg*, thou know'st I have a Care of thee; here's a Gown just brought Home for thee *Peg*. Now thou art empty it will fit handsomely; where is the Taylor? Call him in *Sauny*; if it fits you, you shall put it on and we'll gallop o'er to *London*, and see your Father; your Sister's Wedding is at Hand, you must help her.

Enter Taylor with a Gown.

Marg. If she be match'd as I am, Heaven help her! But there's some Comfort in going Home; there's Meat and Sleeping-Room.

Pet. Come, Taylor, let's see the Gown; how now, what's here? Bless me, what masquing Suit is this? What's this, a Sleeve? Why 'tis like a Demmy Cannon! Why what a Devil Taylor dost thou mean? Is this a Gown?

Tay. A Gown, Sir! Yes, Sir, and a handsome Gown as any Man in *London* can make; 'tis the newest Fashion lately come out of *France*.

Pet. What a lying Knave art thou? My great Grand-mother's Picture in the matted Gallery is just such another.

Saun. It is like the Picture of Queen *Margaret* in *Edinbrough* Castle, Sir.

Marg. I never saw a better fashion'd Gown in my Life, more quaint, nor better shap'd: I like the Gown, and I'll have this Gown, or I'll have none; say what you will I like it, 'tis a handsome Gown.

Pet.

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Pet. Why thou say'st true, *Pez*, 'tis an ugly paltry Gown. I am glad to hear thee of my Mind; 'tis a beastly Gown.

Marg. Why I say 'tis a good Gown, a handsome fashionable Gown; what d'ye mean to make a Puppet of me?

Pet. Ay, this Fellow wou'd make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your Worship means to make a Puppet of her.

Pet. Thou impudent lying Thread, Bodkin and Thimble, Flea; thou Nit, brave me in my own House? Go take it, I'll ha' none on't.

Tay. Sir, I made it according to your Directions, and I cannot take it again.

Saun. Tak it awaw, or the Dee'l o' my Luggs, but yest tak my Whineyard.

Marg. He shall not take it agen; what need you trouble yourself about it, as long as it pleases me; lay it down there.

Pet. Sirrah, take it away, I say, we shall find more Taylors; I won't have my Wife so antickly dress'd, that the Boys should hoot at her.

Marg. Come, come, all this is but fooling; you don't understand what belongs to a Gown! Say what you will I'm resolv'd to have it; if it were an ugly one I wou'd wear it, if it were but to cross you.

Saun. Now the Deel's a cruppen intul her Mouth, Sir, you may see a little of his Tail hang out; it looks for aw the World as is were a Sting, Sir.

Pet. Why that's my good *Peg*, I know thou dost not care for it; say no more prithee, thou shalt have another.

Marg. I know not what you mean to do with me; but methinks I might have leave to speak, and speak I will, I am no Child, no Baby; your Betters have endur'd me to speak my Mind, and if you cannot you had best stop your Ears; 'tis better to set my Tongue at Liberty, than let my Heart break.

Pet. Speak *Peg*, by all means, say what thou wilt; Sirrah, carry that tawdry Thing away; *Geraldo*, tell him you'll see him paid, (*Aside*) and bid him leave it. Come, what say'st thou *Peg*?

42 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Ger. Leave the Gown in the next Room, Taylor, and take no Notice of what he says, I'll see you paid for't

[*Aside, Exit.*]

Marg. Why, I say I will have that Gown, and every Thing I have a mind for ; I did not bring you such a Portion to be made a Fool of.

Pet. Very true, thou'rt in the right, *Peg* : Come, let's to Horse, these Cloaths will serve turn at present, 'till we can get better. Go, Sirrah, lead the Horses to the Land's End, thither we'll walk a Foot ; let's see, I think 'tis about seven a Clock, we shall reach to my Father-in-law's by Dinner-time, with Ease.

Marg. 'Tis almost Two, you cannot get thither by Supper-time.

Pet. It shall be Seven 'ere I go ; why, what a Mischief's this ? What I say or do, you are still crossing it. Let the Horses alone, I will not go to Day : and 'ere I do, it shall be what a Clock I please.

Marg. Nay, Sir, that shan't stop our Journey ; 'tis Seven, or Two, or Nine, or what a-Cock you please ; pray let's go.

Saun. Yest have it what Hour you wull, Sir.

Pet. Very well, it is so ; get ready quickly ; come *Geraldo*, let's all go, we shall help mend the Mirth at my Sister's Wedding.

Ger. I'll wait on you.

Pet. Come *Peg*, get on your Things.

Marg. Let me but once see *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* again, and then thou shalt not tame me. [Exit.

Enter Tranio and Snatchpenny.

Tran. Now, Sirrah, be but impudent enough, and keep State like the old Knight, and thou art made for ever.

Snatch. I warrant ye, Sir, I know it to a Hair ; my Lord *Beaufoy* and I were School-fellows together at *Worcester* ; my Estate lies in the Vale of *Evesham*. Three Thousand Pounds a Year, and Fifteen Hundred a Year, I settle upon you, upon the Marriage : Let me alone, I am, Sir, *Lyonel* himself.

Tran. Right, right ; excellent, brave ; how now ?

Enter

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Enter Jemmy.

Jem. To your Postures old Sinner, be an exquisite Rascal, and then thou shalt be a Rogue Paramount; thou shalt lay the Dragon asleep while my Master steals the Pippins.

Tran. Well, *Jemmy*, what hast thou done?

Jem. I have been with my Lord *Beaufoy*, presented your Father's, and your Service to him, and told him the old Knight was happily come to Town, and hearing of your Love to *Biancha*, was so overjoy'd, he would settle all upon you.

Tran. Well, and what said he?

Jem. He gave me a Piece for my News; I told him, Sir *Lyonel* desired his Company just now to treat upon the Match; he's coming in all haste, he longs to be couzen'd, and *Snatchpenny* if thou dost not do it —

Snatch. Then hang me.

Jem. Mum, look to't, he's here.

Enter Beaufoy and Winlove.

Beau. Mr. *Winlove*, your Man tells me, your Father is just happily come to Town; where is he.

Tran. Here, Sir, this is my Father; Time has been too bold to wear ye out of each others Memory.

Snatch. Is this my Lord *Beaufoy*, Sir.

Tran. Yes, Sir.

Snatch. My Lord, your humble Servant; I'm happy at last to meet a Person I have formerly so much lov'd.

Beau. Noble Sir *Lyonel*, I joy to see you.

Snatch. O the merry Days that you and I have seen, my Lord; well fare the good old Times, I say.

Beau. Ay, Sir *Lyonel*, when you and I were acquainted first.

Snatch. Ay marry, they were Golden Days, indeed, no Couzening, no Cheating, the World is alter'd.

Beau. But we will remember these Times, and be honest still.

Snatch. That's e'en the best Way; there's Hopes we may have honest Grand-Children too, if all be true as

44 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

I hear ; my Son tells me, your Daughter has made a Captive of him.

Beau. I wou'd she were better for his Sake ; she's a good Girl, and a handsome one, though I say it ; if she were not, I wou'd give her somewhat shou'd make her so.

Tran. It takes rarely.

Snatch. I'm even overjoy'd that you think my Son worthy your Alliance. I'll give something they shall make a Shift to live on ; in Plain and in Brief, if you'll approve of it, I'll settle Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year upon him at present, which shall be her Jointure ; after my Death, all I have with a good Will ; what say you my Lord ?

Beau. Sir *Lyonel*, your Freedom pleases me ; I see you are an honest meaning Gentleman : The young Folks (if I am not mistaken) like one another. Well, I say no more, it is a Match.

Tran. You bind me to you ever : Now I may boldly say, I am truly happy ; where will you please to have the Business made up ?

Beau. Not in my House, Son ; I wou'd have it private ; Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants ; besides, old *Woodall* will be hind'ring of us ; he's hearkening still, and will be interrupting.

Tran. Then at my Lodging, there my Father lies, and there the Business may be all dispatch'd : Send for your Daughter by this Gentleman ! My Boy shall fetch a Scrivenér presently. The worst on't is, 'tis too small a Warning. You are like to have but slender Entertainment.

Beau. No Matter, No Matter ; I shall like it.

Snatch. I wou'd feign see your Daughter, my Lord ; I have heard great Commendations of her.

Beau. That you shall presently ; Monsieur, pray go to *Biancha*, and tell her from me, she must come hither with you immediately ; you may tell her too, if you will, what has happ'ned, and that she must prepare to be Mr. *Winlove's* Bride.

Win. My Lord, me vil fetch her presant.

Tran. My Lord, will your Lordship please to walk in with my Father ; this is my Lodging.

Beau.

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Beau, Ay, Sir; come, Sir *Lyonel*, I'll follow you.

Snatch. Good my Lord, I will wait upon you.

[*Exit Beaufoy, Snatch. Tran.*]

Win. Thus far 'tis well carry'd on *Jemmy*; but how shall we prosecute it?

Jem. Why, there is but one Way in the World, Sir.

Win. And what's that?

Jem. Why thus; I have got a Parson ready for the Purpose; when you have got *Biancha* abroad, whip her into *Covent-Garden Church*, and there marry her, and your Work's done.

Win. Troth, thou say'st true; but is the Parson Orthodox and Canonical? I would not have an *Obadiab* to make us enter into Covenant of Matrimony.

Jem. Trust me, Sir, he's as true as Steel; he says all Matrimony without Book; he can Christen, Wed, and Bury blindfold.

Win. Well, I'll take thy Counsel, if I can persuade her to't, as I hope I shall, for I know she loves me; fair Luck betide me: But who comes here.

Enter Woodall.

Jem. 'Tis the Old Grub *Woodall*; what shall we do with him?

Win. We must contrive some Way to get him off.

Wood. I don't like those shuffling Matters; I doubt there's some false Play towards me in Hand: Here's my Monsieur, he may inform me — Monsieur.

Win. *Que dites vous*, Monsieur, Monsieur, your Servant.

Wood. Monsieur, prithee tell me, if thou can'st, how Affairs go, Things are carried very closely; how stands my Mistress affected?

Win. Ma foy, Monsieur; me tell you de bad News in the Varld, Mademoiselle *Biancha* no stand affected to you at all. My Lord has sent me to fetch her just now to be marry to Monsieur, Vat you call? Monsieur *Le* —

Wood. What not to *Winlove*?

Win. Yes, to Monsieur *Winlove*; begar me be very sorry, but me can no help dat.

Wood. Is old *Beaufoy* mad to match her to him without his Father's Privity.

Win;

46 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Win. Here be de ver fine old Man, new come to Town, me Lord be wid him now.

Wood. Upon my Life, old Sir *Lyonel*; nay, then she's lost quite; heark you, Monsieur, yet 'tis in your Power to make me a happy Man.

Win. O Monsieur, me be your humble Servant.

Wood. Why, look you, you are to fetch her; here's Forty Pound in Gold to buy you a Pair of Gloves, let me take her from you, as you are carrying her thither; I will have two or three with me, and you may safely say she was forc'd from you.

Win. Monsieur, begar me do you all de Service in the Varld, but me sal be de grand Sheat, Knave then.

Wood. That's nothing, here's more Money, I'll save you harmless; come, you shall do it.

Win. Monsieur, me have no Mind to be von Knave, but to do you Service, if you will meet me upon de Street.

Wood. Fear not, I'll secure you, honest Monsieur, farewell; I will be your Friend for ever. [Exit.]

Win. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: What an As this Fellow will make himself, do what we can? Here, *Jemmy*, thou shalt share with me.

Jem. Thank you, Sir; wou'd we had such a Wind-fall every Day: But come, Sir, you must make haste, this is the Critical Minute; if you miss it, you lose *Biancha*.

Win. Thy Counsel's good, away; I'll buy a Ring, and pay the Priest with some of *Woodall's* Money; ha, ha, ha. [Exeunt.]

Enter Petruchio, Margaret, Geraldo and Sauny.

Pet. Walk your Horses down the Hill before, we shall reach *London* time enough, 'tis a fair Night: How bright and goodly the Moon shines?

Marg. The Moon! The Sun, 'tis not the Moon-light now.

Pet. I say, 'tis the Moon that shines so bright.

Marg. I say, 'tis the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's-Son, and that's my self, it shall be the Moon-light, or what I please, before you set Sight of your Father's House; Sirrah, go fetch the Horses

Horfes back ; evermore crofs'd, and crofs'd, and nothing but crofs'd.

Ger. Say as he fays, or we fhall never go.

Marg. Forward, I pray, Sir, fince we are come fo far ; and be it Sun, or Moon, or what you please ; nay, if you call it a Rush-Candle, henceforth it fhall be fo for me.

Pet. I fay 'tis the Moon.

Saun. S'blead, but I fay nay, Sir ; out, out, 'a Lies.

Marg. I know 'tis the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye, 'tis the blessed Sun.

Marg. Why, Heaven be blefs'd for it, 'tis even what you have a Mind to ; pray let us forward.

Ger. Petruchio, go thy Way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward ; now the Bowl runs with a right Byas, but foft ; here's Company.

Enter Sir Lyonel Winlove.

Sir Lyon. Boy, bid the Coachman drive gently down the Hill ; I wonder I meet, nor overtake no Paffengers to Day ; ftay, I think here are fome.

Pet. I will have one Bout more with thee, *Peg* ; good-morrow gentle Lady ; which way Travel you ? Come hither, *Peg* ; did'ft thou ever behold fo exquisite a Beauty as this fair Virgin bears about ? Go to her, *Peg*, and Salute her.

Marg. Are you Mad, 'tis an old Man.

Pet. Beat back agen then, ftill crofs ? Will you do it ?

Saun. Why, 'th' Deel's Name, what mean ye ? It's a bonny Lafs, Sir ; S'blead, it's an aw faw Thefe.

Ger. He'll make this Old Man mad.

Marg. You budding Virgin, fo fair, fo fweet, fo frefh, which way travel you ? How happy fhould we be in the Enjoyment of fo fair a Fellow Traveller.

Saun. The Dee'l has built a Bird's-Nest in your Head ; ud, ye'r as mad as he ; and he as mad as gin he were the fon of a March Hare, Sir.

Sir Lyon. Why, what do ye mean, Gentlewoman.

Pet. Why how now, *Peg*, I hope thou art not mad : A Virgin Quotha ! 'Tis an old wrinckl'd wither'd Man.

Marg.

48 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Marg. Reverend Sir, pardon my mistaking Eyes, that have been so dazzled with the Moon (*Sun* I mean.) I cou'd not distinguish you ; I now perceive you are a grave old Man, pray excuse me.

Sir Lyon. Indeed you are a merry Lady ; your Encounter has amaz'd me. But I like such chearful Company ; I am for *London* to see a Son of mine, that went lately from me thither.

Pet. We shall be glad of your Company ; you must pardon my Wife's Error, she has not slept well to Night ; and I cou'd not perswade her, but she wou'd come out Fasting, which makes her Fancy a little extravagant.

Saun. The Dee'l o' my Saul but yea are a false Trundle Tail Tike, the Deel a bit hee'd lat her eat these three Days, Sir.

Marg. Curse upon your Excuse, and the Cause of it ; I cou'd have eaten my Shoe-soles, if I might have had 'em fry'd.

Pet. Your Name, I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Lyon. I am call'd *Sir Lyonel Winlove* in the Country.

Pet. Father to young Mr. *Winlove* ?

Sir Lyon. The same, Sir.

Pet. Then I am happy indeed to have met you ; I can tell you some News, prehaps may not be unwelcome to you Your Son is in a fair Probability of calling me Brother within these two Days.

Sir Lyon. How so I pray, Sir ?

Pet. Why he's upon Marrying my Wife's Sister, my Lord *Beaufoy's* youngest Daughter. A brave Match, I can assure you, and a sweet Bedfellow.

Saun. Gud she's tea geud for any Mon but *Sauny* ; Gud gin poor *Sauny* had her in *Scotland*, wun's I'de sea Swing her about.

Sir Lyon. You amaze me ! Is this true ? Or have you a Mind, like a pleasant Traveller, to break a Jest on the Company you overtake ?

Ger. Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis very true ; 'twas so design'd ; but I don't think he'll marry her, he's For-sworn if he do.

Sir

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Sir Lyon. You make me wonder more and more.

Pet. Mind him not, he's a Party concern'd, 'tis true.

Sir Lyon. Pray, Gentlemen, let's make haste; I must look after this Business, it sounds strangely; he wou'd not do't without my Consent; he's my only Son, my Heir, the Prop of my Family, I must be careful.

Pet. I see you are Jealous, Sir; but you need not; he cannot have a better Match.

Sir Lyon. I doubt it not, if all be fair; I should be glad of my Lord *Beaufoy's* Alliance; he was my School-fellow: But Time, I doubt, has worn out our old Acquaintance: Gentlemen, I must hasten to prevent the worst.

Saun. What mean ye, Sir? Yea will nea bawke the bonny Lad, and tak fro his Mantle, Sir.

Ger. Well, *Petruchio*, thou hast put me in a Heat, have at my Widow now. [Exeunt.

Enter Winlove, Biancha, Jemmy.

Win. How good you are my Fair one: *Jemmy*, art sure the Priest is ready for us?

Jem. I warrant you, Sir; pray make haste, some Devil or other may come else and crosse it. Don't say Thrumming of Caps; here, Body o' me away, here's *Woodall*, shift for your selves, all will be spoil'd else.

[Exit Win. and Bian.

Enter Woodall with three or four Fellows.

Wood. Be sure you seize on her, and clap her into a Chair, and one stop her Mouth; fear not, I'll save you harmless.

1st Fellow. I warrant you, Sir.

Wood. What a Devil makes this Rogue Poaching here?

Jem. Tum, te Dum, te Dum, Sing Old Coal of London. [Sings.

Wood. Now, *Jemmy*, what walk you here for?

Jem. Why to look about me; te Dum, te Dum, &c.

Wood. They say your Master is to be marry'd to Madam *Biancha* to Day.

Jem. Why then we will be merry at Night; te Dum te Dum, &c. E Wood.

50 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Wood. The Rogue won't be gone: What, hast no Business? Thou look'st as if thou hadst not drank to Day, there's something for thee; go get thy Morning's Draught.

Jem. I thank your Worship: Will you take Part of a Pot of Ale and a Toast.

Wood. No, Sirrah, I drank Coffee this Morning.

[*Exit. Jemmy.*
So, he's gone; I wonder Monsieur appears not with *Biancha*.

Enter Petruchio, Margaret, Sir Lyonel, Geraldo, and Sauny, with Attendance.

Wood. Ha, who comes there?

Ger. Now you are there I'll take my Leave; your Servant.

Pet. Sir *Lyonel*, you are welcome to Town; there's your Son's Lodgings; my Father lives on the other Side; thither we must go, and therefore here I take my Leave.

Sir Lyon. Pray stay a little, may be he's not within; if so, I'll wait upon you to the Lord *Beaufoy*.

Saun. O' my Sol, nea can cou'd have beg'd [*Knocks*] Dunner better than this awd Thiefe has done.

Wood. They are all busie within, Sir; you must *Knock* louder if you mean to be heard. [*Snatchpenny above.*

Snatch. Who is that *Knocks*, as if he wou'd beat down the Gate.

Sir Lyon. Is Mr. *Winlove* within?

Snatch. He is within, but not to be spoken with.

Sir Lyon. What if a Man bring him a Hundred Pounds or two, to make merry withal.

Snatch. Keep your Hundred Pounds for your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, Sir, your Son was well belov'd in *London*. D'ye here, Sir, leaving your frivolous Circumstances, pray tell him, his Father's just now come out of the Country to see him, and is here at the Door to speak with him.

Snatch. That is a Lye, Sir: His Father came to Town Yesterday, and is now here looking out at Window.

Sir Lyon. The Devil he is; are you his Father?

Snatch.

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Snatch. Yes, Sir ; so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Saun. Can they hang him for having twa Father's, Sir? Gud and 'twas sea, poor *Sauny* wou'd be hang'd sure enough.

Pet. Why, hast thou two Fathers?

Saun. Gud have I, and Twa, and Twa to that, Sir.

Pet. Why, how now Gentlemen, this is flat Knavery, to take another Man's Name upon you?

Snatch. Lay Hands upon this Villain, I believe he means to cheat some Body here, under my Counter-Name.

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. I have seen the Church on their Back, send them good Speeding : Ha, how now, my old Master, Sir *Lyonel*? S'foot, we are all lost, undone ; I must brazen it out.

Sir Lyon. Come hither, Crack-Hemp.

Jem. You may save me that Labour, and come to me, if you have any Thing to say to me.

Sir Lyon. Come hither you Rogue ; what have you forgot me?

Jem. Forgot you, Sir ? I cou'd not forget you ; for I never saw you in all my Life before.

Sir Lyon. You notorious Villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father, Sir *Lyonel Winlove*?

Jem. What my Worshipful old Master ? Yes, marry, Sir : See where his Worship looks out of the Window.

Sir Lyon. Does he so, Sir ? I'll make you find him below Stairs. [Beats him.]

Jem. Help, help, here's a Mad-Man will Murder me.

Saun. Dea caw your fel *Jemmy*? And wull ye be beten by an aw saw These? An yea caw your fel *Jemmy* eancé meare, Ise bang ye tea Clootes, breed a Gud will I, Sir.

Snatch. Help Son, help Brother *Beaufoy*, *Jemmy* will be kill'd.

Pet. Prithee *Peg* stand by to see this Controversy.

Enter.

Enter Snatchpenny with Servants, Beaufoy and Tranio.

Tran. S'heart, 'tis Sir *Lyonel*; but we must bear it a little Time: Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servants?

Sir Lyon. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? O Heaven what do I see! O fine Villains, I'm undone, while I play the good Husband at Home in the Country, my Son, and my Servants spend my Estate lavishly at London.

Saun. Your Son sal allow you Siller to keep an Awd Wutch to rub your Shins; and what to anger wou'd ye ha meer, Sir?

Tran. How now, what's the Matter?

Beau. Is the Man Frantick?

Tran. Sir, You seem a sober antient Gentleman by your Habit; but your Words shew you Mad-Man: Why, Sir, what Concerns it you what rich Cloaths I wear? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Sir Lyon. Thy Father! O Villain! He's a Hempdresser in *Partha*.

Saun. Marry the Deel stuff his Wem fow a Hemp, and his Dam Spin it out at his Arse.

Beau. You mistake, you mistake; what d'ye think his Name is?

Sir Lyon. His Name; as if I knew not his Nume, I have bred him up e'er since he was Three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio*.

Snatch. Away, away, mad Afs, his Name is *Winlove*; my only Son, and Heir to all my Estate in the Vale of *Evesham*.

Sir Lyon. Heavens! He has murther'd his Master; lay hold on him. I charge you in the King's Name, O my Son, tell me thou Villain, where is my Son *Winlove*?

Tran. Run for an Officer to carry this mad Knave to the Jayl; lay hold on him I charge ye, and see him forth-coming.

Saun. Awa, awa with the Hampdresser, Sir.

Sir Lyon. Carry me to the Jayl ye Villains!

Pat. Hold Gentlemen; your blessing Father.

Beau.

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Beau. Son *Petruchio* welcome. You have it, and you *Peg*, how d'ye? Know ye any Thing of this Matter?

Pet. My Lord, take heed what you do; so much I know; I dare swear this is Sir *Lyonel Winlove*, and that a Counterfeit.

Saun. Wuns, I think sea tea, gud an ye please Ise take the Covenant on't.

Wood. So durst I swear too almost.

Snatch. Swear if thou durst.

Wood. Sir, I dare not swear Point Blank.

Tran. You had best swear, I am not *Winlove* neither.

Wood. Yes, I know you to be Mr. *Winlove*.

Beau. Away with the Dotard, away with him to my Lodgings for the present, 'till we can get a Constable to charge him with; we have a Hubbub in the Streets, drag him, I say.

Sir Lyon. Rogues, Villains, Murderers! I shall have Justice. [Exit with Sir Lyonel.]

Wood. These are strange Passages, I know not what to think of 'em: But I am glad *Biancha* came not when they were here; sure my Monsieur will not fail me.

Enter Winlove and Biancha.

Win. Now, my *Biancha*, I am truly Happy; our Loves shall like the Spring be ever growing.

Bian. But how shall we escape my Father's Anger?

Win. Fear not, I'll warrant thee.

Wood. O here's *Biancha*; how now, Monsieur brave, what Fancy's this?

Win. O Monsieur, te Vous la Mains; how d'ye do, good Mr. *Woodall*, how d'ye like my new Bride?

Wood. How, how, how, Sir, your Bride? Seize on her quickly.

Win. Hands off, she's my Wife, touch her who dares; will you have your Teeth pick'd? What d'ye think of giving 20 Pieces to teach your Mistress *French*?

Wood. O Rogue, I'll have thee hang'd.

Win. Or 40 Pieces to buy a Pair of Gloves, to let you steal Madam *Biancha*: This Ring was bought with some of it, ha, ha, ha.

54 SAUNY the SCOT : Or,

Wood. Down with him, down with him, a damn'd Rascal.

Win. I, do, which of you has a Mind to breathe a Vein?

z Fell. Nay, if she be his Wife we dare not touch her.

Wood. I'll fetch some Body that shall, O Devil.

[*Exit.*

Win. Ay do, I am your poor Monsieur, ha, ha, ha : Fear not, *Biancha*, he'll fetch 'em all I know ; I warrant thee, we shall appease thy Father easily.

Bian. Trust me, Sir, I fear the Storm.

Enter Beaufoy, *Tranio*, *Petruchio*, *Margaret*, *Sauny*, *Snatchpenny*, *Jemmy*, *Sir Lyonel*, *Woodall*, and *Attendants*.

Wood. That Rogue, that damn'd counterfeit *Frenchman* has stol'n your Daughter and married her ; here they are.

Win. Bless me, what do I see yonder, my Father in earnest ? Dear Sir, your Blessing, and your Pardon.

Sir Lyon. My dear Son, art thou alive ? Then take it.

Bian. I must beg your Pardon too, Sir.

Win. And I most Honoured Father.

Beau. Why, what's the Matter ? What hast thou done ? *Woodall* tells me thou hast married the *Frenchman*.

Win. Me she has married, but no *Frenchman*. The right *Winlove*, Son to the right *Winlove* is her Husband, and your Son-in-Law.

Saun. S'blead, Sir, ye act twa Parts, ye were but a *Hemp-dresser* in the last Act, Sir.

Snatch. 'Tis Time for me to be going, I feel one Ear going off already.

[*Exit.*

Beau. You amaze me ; are not you the *Frenchman*, Mr. *Woodall* prefer'd to teach my Daughter ?

Bian. No, my Lord, he put on that Disguise to court me ; he is the true *Winlove*.

Sir Lyon. Marry he is my Son, Sir.

Win. Those were but Counterfeits of my making.

Wood.

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Wood. Here's patching with a Mistress, I'm sure I am gull'd.

Beau. But d'ye hear, Sir? Have you married my Daughter without my Consent?

Sir Lyon. Come, my Lord, now you must know me; I will beg both their Pardons, and secure her a Jointure worthy her Birth and Fortune.

Win. You are a Father now indeed.

Beau. Sir *Lyonel* excuse my Rashness, I accept your noble Proffer, you are forgiven.

Saun. S'blead, Sir, we sal nere go to Dunner, Sir; the Deel forgot and forgive you aw, Sir.

Sir Lyon. But where is that Rogue that would have sent me to Goal? I'll slit his Nose for him.

Win. I must beg his Pardon, for he did all for my Sake.

Sir Lyon. Well, Sir, for your Sake I pardon him.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen, all to my House, we shall there end our Doubts, and drown our Fears.

Wood. Sir, I shall expect my Money back again, 'tis enough to loose my Mistress.

Win. No, faith, 'tis in better Hands already, you'll but fool it away; you'll be hiring *Frenchmen* agen?

Wood. Well, mock on, I'll in and eat out Part of it.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen.

Marg. Husband will you not go with my Father?

Pet. First kiss me, *Peg*, and I will.

Marg. What in the Middle of the Street?

Pet. What art thou asham'd of me?

Marg. Not so, Sir, but asham'd to kiss so openly.

Pet. Why then let's Home again; *Sauny*, lead the Way.

Saun. Gud the Deel a bit will *Sauny* budge before Dunner, Sir.

Marg. Nay, I will give thee a Kiss; nay, pray now stay.

Pet. So, is not this well? Come my sweet *Peg*.

Bian. Sister, I hope we shall be Friends now?

Marg. I was never Foes with you.

Win.

56 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Win. Come fairest, all the Storms are overblown;
Love bath both Wit and Fortune of her own.

[Exeunt.



ACT V.

Enter Margaret and Biancha.

Bian. 'T ISN'T Possible, Sister, he shou'd have
us'd you thus?

B Marg. Had I serv'd him as bad as
Eve did Adam, he cou'd not have us'd
me worse; but I am resolv'd now I'm
got Home again I'll be reveng'd; I'll muster up the
Spighe of all the curs'd Women since Noah's Flood to do
him Mischief, and add new Vigour to my Tongue; I
have not par'd my Nails this Fortnight; they are long
enough to do him some Execution, that's my Comfort.

Bian. Bless me, Sister, how you talk?

Marg. Thou art a Fool, Biancha, come learn of me;
thou art married to a Man too, thou dost not know but
thou mayst need my Counsel, and make good Use on't;
thy Husband bears thee fair yet, but take heed of going
Home with him, for when once he has thee within his
Verge, 'tis odds he'll have his Freaks too; there's no trust-
ing these Men: Thy Temper is soft and easy, thou
must learn to break him, or he'll break thy Heart.

Bian. I must confess I shou'd be loath to be so us'd,
but sure Mr. Winlove is of a better Disposition.

Marg. Trust him and hang him, they're all alike;
come thou shalt be my Scholar, learn to frown, and cry
out for Unkindness, but brave Anger thou hast a Tongue,
make

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make use on't; scold, fight, scratch, bite, any Thing, still take Exceptions at all he does, if there be Cause, or not; if there be Reason for't he'll Laugh at thee. I'll make *Petruchio* glad to wipe my Shoes, or walk my Horse, 'ere I have done with him.

Enter Petruchio, Winlove, Sauny.

Bian. Peace Sister, our Husbands are both here.

Marg. Thou Child I am glad on't, I'll speak louder.

Pet. Well, Brother *Winlove* now we are truly happy, never were Men so blest with two such Wives.

Win. I am glad to hear you say so, Sir; my own I'm sure I'm blest in.

Pet. Yours! Why *Biancha's* a Lyon, and *Margaret* a meer Lamb to her: I tell thee *Winlove*, there's no Man living, tho' I say't, (but 'tis no Matter, since she does not hear me) that has a Wife so Gentle, and so Active and Affable; poor Thing, I durst be sworn she wou'd walk bare-foot a Hundred Miles to do me good.

Marg. No but she wou'd not, nor one Mile neither.

Saun. Now have at your Luggs; Sir.

Pet. O *Peg*, art thou there? How dost thou do my Dear?

Marg. You may go look, what's that to you.

Saun. Stand o' yer guard, Sir, gud *Sauny* well put on his Head-peice.

Pet. I am glad to hear thee say thou'rt well in troth.

Marg. Never the better for you, which you shall find.

Pet. Nay, I know thou lov'it me, prithee take up my Glove, *Peg*.

Marg. I take up your Glove; merry come up, command your Servants, look you there it lies.

Pet. I am glad to see thee merry, poor wanton Rogue.

Marg. 'Tis very well, you think you are in the Country, but you are mistaken, the Case is alter'd; I am at Home now, and my own Disposer; go swagger at your greazy Lubber there, your Patient Wife will make you no more Sport; she has a Father will allow her Meat and Lodging, and another gues Chamber-Maid then a *High-lander*.

Saun.

58 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Saun. Gud an ye were a Top of *Grantham Steple*, that aw the Toon may hear what a scauden Quean ye are, out, out.

Pet. Why what's the Matter *Peg*? I never saw thee in so jolly a Humour, sure thou hast been Drinking.

Saun. Gud has she, haud yer Tang, ye saw drunken Swine, out, out, out; was ye tak a Drink and nere tak *Saun* to yee, out, out, out.

Marg. 'Tis like I have, I am the fitter to talk to you, for no sober Woman is a Companion for you.

Pet. Troth thou sayst right, we are excellently Matcht.

Marg. Well, mark the End on't; *Petruchio*, prithee come hither, I have something to say to you.

Saun. De ye nea budge a Foot, Sir; Deel a my sol but she'll scratch your Eyn out.

Pet. Well, your Pleasure, Madam.

Marg. First, thou art a pitiful Fellow, a Thing beneath me, which I scorn and laugh at, ha, ha, ha.

Win. She holds her own yet I see.

Marg. I know not what to call thee, thou art no Man, thou cou'dst not have a Woman to thy Mother, thou paltry, scurvy, ill-condition'd Fellow; dost thou not tremble to think how thou hast us'd me? What are you silent, Sir? *Biancha* see, looks he not like a disbanded Officer, with that Hang-Dog Look there? I must eat nothing because your Cook has roasted the Mutton dry, as you us'd to have it when you was a Bachelor; I must not go to Bed neither, because the Sheets are damp.

Pet. Heark you, *Peg*; what a strange Woman are you to discover openly the Fault of your Servants in your own Family.

Marg. No, no, Sir, this won't serve your Turn; your old Stock of Impudence won't carry you off so: I'll speak your Fame, and tell what a fine Gentleman you are; how valiantly you, and half a Dozen of your Men, got the better of a single Woman, and made her lose her Supper.

Saun.

Saun. Gud she lyes, Sir; I wu'd a gip her an awd Boot tull a made Tripes on, and it wud a bin bra Meat with Mustard, and she wu'd nea have it.

Marg. My Faults! No, good Esquire of the Country, you thought to have tam'd me, I warrant, in good Time; why you see I am even with you; your quiet patient Wife, that will go no more in the Country with you, but will stay in Town, to laugh at your wise Worship, and wish you more Wit.

Pet. I shou'd laugh at that; why we are just now a going; *Saun* go get the Horses ready quickly.

Saun. Gud will I, Sir; I'll saddle a Highland-Wutch to carry your Bride; Gud she'll mount your Arse for you, Madam.

Marg. Sirrah, touch a Horse, and I'll curry your Coxcomb for you: No, Sir, I won't say pray let me not go; but boldly, I won't go; do you force me if you can, or dare: You see I am not Tongue ty'd, as Silent as you thought you made me.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, Peace a little; I know thou canst speak, leave now, or thou'lt have nothing to say to Morrow.

Marg. Yes, I'll say this over again, and something more if I can think on't, to a poor despised Man of Clouts: Sister, how he smoaks now he's off his own Dunghil.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, leave making a Noise; I faith thou'lt make my Head ach.

Marg. Noise! Why this is Silence to what I intend; I'll talk louder than this, every Night in my Sleep.

Saun. The Deel shall be your Bed-fellow for *Saun* then.

Marg. I will learn to rail at thee in all Languages; Thunder shall be soft Musick to my Tongue.

Saun. The Deel a bit *Scot's* ye gat to brangle in, marry the Deel gi ye a Clap wi a *French* Thunder-bolt.

Pet. Very pretty; prithee go on.

Marg. I'll have a Collection of all the ill Names that ever was invented, and call you over by 'em twice a Day.

Pet.

69 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Pet. And have a Catalogue publish'd for the Edification of your Scolds ; proceed, *Peg.*

Marg. I'll have you chain'd to a Stake at *Billinggate*, and baited by the Fish-wives, while I stand to hils'em on.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha ; witty *Peg*, forward.

Marg. You shan't dare to blow your Nose, but when I bid you ; you shall know me to be the Master.

Saun. Wuns, gat her to the Stool of Repentance, Sir.

Pet. Nay, I believe, thou wilt go in Breeches shortly ; on, on ; what have you no more on't ? Ha, ha, ha.

Marg. D'ye laugh and be hang'd ? I'll spoil your Sport.

[*Flies at him.*]

Pet. Nay, *Peg*, Hands off ; I thought you wou'd not have disgrac'd your good Parts, to come to Blows so soon ; prithee chide on, thou can'st not believe what Delight I take to hear thee ; it does become thee so well : What, pumpt dry already ? Prithee talk more and longer, and faster, and sharper, this is nothing.

Marg. I'll see you in the *Indies* before I'll do any Thing to please you ; d'ye like it.

Pet. Extreemly ! On *Peg*, you'll cool too fast.

Marg. Why then Mark me, if it were to save thee from Drowning, or Breaking thy Neck, I won't speak one Word more to thee these Two Months.

[*Sits Sullenly.*]

Saun. Ah Gud an ye do nea Lye, Madam.

Pet. Nay, good *Peg*, be not so hard-hearted. What Melancholy all 'o th' sudden ? Come, get up, we'll fend for the Fidlers, and have a Dance ; thou'lt break thy Elbow with leaning on that hard Table : *Sauny*, go get your Mistress a Cushion ; alas ! I doubt she's not well ; look to her Sister.

Bian. Are you not well, Sister ? What ail you ? Pray speak Sister ; indeed, Brother, you have so vext her, she'll be Sick.

Pet. Alas, alas ! I know what's the Matter with her, she has the Tooth-ach. See how she holds her Cheek ; the Wind has gotten into her Teeth, by keeping her Mouth open this Cold Weather.

Bian.

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Bian. Indeed it may be so, Brother ; she uses to be troubled with that Pain sometimes.

Pet. Without all Question ; poor *Peg*, I pity thee ; which Tooth is it ? Wilt thou have it Drawn, *Peg* ? The Tooth-Ach makes Fools of all the *Physicians* ; there is no Cure, but Drawing : What say'st thou ? Wilt thou have it pull'd out ? Well, thou shalt. *Sauny*, run, Sirrah, hard by, you know where my Barber lives that drew me a Tooth last Week, fetch him quickly ; what d'ye stand staring at ? Run fetch him immediately, or I'll cut your Legs off.

Saun. Gud Ise fetch ean to pull her Head off an ye wull. [Exit.

Win. This will make her find her Tongue agen, or else for certain she has lost it.

Pet. Her Tongue, Brother ? Alas ! You see her Face is so swell'd, she cannot speak.

Bian. You Jest Brother ; her Face is not swell'd. Pray let me see, Sister ; I can't perceive it.

Pet. Not swell'd ? Why you are blind then ; prithee let her alone, you trouble her.

Enter Sauny and Barber.

Here, honest Barber, have you brought your Instruments ?

Barber. Yes, Sir ; what must I do ?

Pet. You must draw that Gentlewoman a Tooth there ; prithee do it neatly, and as gently as thou can'st ; and, d'ye hear me, take care you don't tear her Gums.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir.

Saun. Hear ye, Sir, cou'd not ye Mistake ? And pull her Tang out instead of her Teeth.

Bian. I'll be gone, I can't endure to see her put to so much Pain. [Exit.

Barb. Pray, Madam, open your Mouth, that I may see which Tooth it is. [She strikes him.

Why, Sir, did you send for me to Abuse me.

Saun. Gud be nea Angry, yea ha ne aw yer Pay yet,

Sir. Cud ye not Mistake, and draw her Tang instead of her Teeth, Sir.

Pet. No, no: But it seems now she won't have it Drawn: Go, there's something for your Pains however.

[Exit Barber.

Saun. Ye sid ha taken my Counsel, Sir.

Win. This will not do, Sir. You cannot raise the Spirit you have laid, with all your Arts.

Pet. I'll try; have at her once more. *Winlove*, you must assist me; I'll make her Stir, if I can't make her Speak. Look, look! Alas! How pale she is! She's gone o'th' sudden; Body O' me, she's stiff to; undone, undone, what an unfortunate Man am I? She's gone! She's gone! Never had Man so great a Loss as I; O *Winlove*, pity me, my poor *Peg* is dead, dear *Winlove* call in my Father and the Company that they may share in this sad Spectacle, and help my Sorrow with their joining Grieffs. Speak, or, by this Hand, I'll bury [Exit *Winlove*. thee alive; *Sauny*, thou seest how sad a Condition thy poor Master is in; thy good Mistress is dead; haste to the next Church and get the Bier and the Bearers hither, I'll have her buried out of Hand; run *Sauny*.

Saun. An you'll mack her dead, we'll bury her deep enough; we'll put her doon intull a *Scotch* Coalpit, and she shall rise at the Deel's Arse o' Peake. Exit.

Pet. I will see that last pious Act perform'd, and then betake my self to a willing Exile; my own Country's Hell, now my dear *Peg* has left it. Not yet, upon my Life I think thou hast a mind to be buried quick; I hope thou hast.

Enter *Winlove*, *Beaufoy*, *Sir Lyonel*, *Woodall*, *Biancha*, *Tranio*, *Jemmy*, &c.

Beau. Bless me, Son *Petruchio*, is my dear Daughter dead?

Pet. Alas, alas, 'tis but too true, wou'd I had ta'en her Room

Beau. Why, methinks she looks brisk, fresh and lively.

Pet. So much Beauty as she had must needs leave some wand'ring Remains to hover still about her Face.

Beau.

The Taming of the S H R E W. 63

Beau. What could her Disease be?

Pet. Indeed I grieve to tell it, but Truth must out, she dy'd for Spight, she was strangely Infected.

Bian. Fie Sister, for Shame speak, will you let him abuse you thus?

Pet. Gentlemen you are my loving Friends, and knew the Virtues of my matchless Wife, I hope you will accompany her Body to its long Home.

All. We'll all wait on you.

Beau. Thou wilt break her Heart indeed.

Pet. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis tougher than fo.

Enter Sauny and Bearers with a Bier.

Saun. I bring you here very geud Men, an she be nea Dead, Sir, for a Croon more they'll bury her quick.

Pet. O honest Friends, you're Welcome, you must take up that Corps, how! hard-hearted, why d'ye not weep? The loss of so much Beauty and Goodness, take her up, and lay her upon the Bier.

Bear. Why, what d'ye mean, Sir? She is not dead.

Pet. Rogues, tell me such a Lye to my Face? Take her up, or I'll swinge ye.

Saun. Tak her up, tak her up, we'll mak her dead, Billy; ye'ft a twa Croons mear, tak her up Mon.

Bear. Dead, or alive, all's one to us, let us but have our Fees.

Pet. There, nay, she is stiff; however, on with her; will you not speak yet? So here take these Strings and bind her on the Bier, she had an active stirring Body when she liv'd, she may chance to fall off the Hearse now she's dead: So, now take her up, away; come Gentlemen you'll follow; I mean to carry her through the Strand, as far as St. James's, People shall see what Respect I bore her—— She shall have so much Ceremony to attend her now she's dead. There my Coach shall meet her and carry her into the Country; I'll have her laid in the Vault belonging to my Family; she shall have a Monument; some of you enquire me out a good Poet to write her Epitaph suitable to her Birth, Quality and Condition; pity the Rememb'rance of so many Vir-

64 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

tues should be lost; march on, I would say more, but Grief checks my Tongue.

Marg. Father, Sister, Husband, are you all mad? Will you expose me to open Shame? Rogues set me down you had best.

Pet. A Miracle! A Miracle! She lives! Heaven make me thankful for't; set her down; liv'st thou my poor Peg?

Marg. Yes, that I do, and will to be your Tormentor.

Saun. Out, out, gea her nea Credit, gud she's as dead as mine Grannam; tak her, away with her, Sir.

Pet. Bless me, my Hopes are all vanish'd agen, 'tis a Damon speaks within her Body; take her up again, we'll bury 'em together.

Marg. Hold, hold; my dear *Petruchio*, you have overcome me, and I beg your Pardon; henceforth I will not dare to think a Thought shall cross your Pleasure; set me a Liberty, and, on my Knees, I'll make my Recantation.

All. Victory, Victory, the Field is won.

Pet. Art thou in earnest, Peg? May I believe thee?

Saun. You ken very well, she was always a lying Quean when she was living, and wull ye believe her now she's dead?

Marg. By all that's good, not Truth itself truer.

Pet. Then thus I free thee, and make thee Mistress both of my self and all I have.

Saun. S'blead bo ye'll nea gi *Sauny* tull her, Sir.

Wood. Take heed of giving away your Power, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it, nor do I fear I shall repent my Bargain.

Marg. I'm sure I will not give you Cause; you've taught me now what 'tis to be a Wife, and I'll still shew my self your humble Handmaid.

Pet. My best Peg, we will change Kindness and be each others Servant; Gentlemen, why do you not rejoice with me?

Beau. I am so full of Joy I cannot speak, may you be happy, this is your Wedding Day.

Saun.

The Taming of the SHREW. 65

Saun. Shall *Sauny* get her a Bride-Cake, and brake o'er her Head, Sir? And wee's gat us a good Wadding Dunner.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Save ye all, Gentlemen; have ye any Room for more Guest! I am come to make up the *Ghorus*.

Pet. My noble Friend, welcome; where have you been so long?

Ger. I have been about a little trivial Business; I am just now come from a Wedding.

Pet. What Wedding, I pray, Sir?

Ger. Troth, e'en my own; I have ventur'd upon't at last; Madam, I hope you'll pardon me.

Bian. Yes, Sir; and so will this Gentleman.

Saun. Are not you a Gentleman-Hampdresier?

Pet. 'Tis e'en so, this proves to be *Winlove* in earnest.

Ger. Good Gentlemen undo this Riddle; I'm all in the Dark.

Pet. You shall know anon; in the mean Time believe it, Gentlemen. We want another Woman, or we might have a Dance.

Ger. My Widow is within, she'll supply you.

Beau. Good Peg, go and wait on her, and you *Biancha* too.

[*Exit Peg. Biancha.*

Pet. I tell thee, *Geraldo*, never had Man so obedient and loving a Wife, I have now; I defy the World to equal her.

Win. Nay, Brother, you must except her Sister.

Ger. You must except me too, or I shall have a hard Bargain of it; my *Widow* is all Obedience.

Pet. I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll hold you Ten Pieces to be spent in a Collation on them, that mine has more Obedience then both them; to try which, let each send for his Wife, and if mine come not first I'll lose my Bett.

Saun. Gud ye'll lose your Siller sure enough, Sir.

Both. A Match.

Wood.

66 SAUNY the SCOT: Or,

Wood. I'll go your Halves, *Geraldo*, and yours *Mr. Winlove* too.

Win. *Jemmy*, go tell your Mistress, I desire her to come hither to me presently.

[Exit *Jemmy*.]

Pet. A Piece more she does not come.

Beau. You'll lose Son, you'll lose: I know she'll come.

Pet. I know she won't; I find by Instinct I shall win my Wager.

Enter *Jemmy*.

Jem. Sir, she says she's busie, and can't leave *Mr. Geraldo's* Lady.

Pet. Look ye there now; come your Money.

Ger. Prithee go again and tell my Wife I must needs speak with her immediately. [Exit *Jemmy*.]

Pet. I shall win yours too, as sure as if it was in my Pocket.

Ger. I warrant you no such Matter: What will you give to be off your Bett?

Pet. I won't take forty Shillings.

Enter *Jemmy*.

Ger. How now?

Jem. Sir, she says you have no Business with her, if you have you may come to her.

Pet. Come, produce, I know 'twould be so; *Sauny*, go and tell *Peg*, from me, I command her to come to me Instantly.

Saun. Ise gat her gang wuth me, Sir, or Ise put my Darke to the Hilt in her Weam. [Exit.]

Wood. Yet you won't win; I'll hang for't if she'll come.

Pet. Yes, but she will, as sure as you gave forty Pieces to Court *Biancha*, I'll venture them to Twenty more upon't with you.

Wood. Nay, I have lost enough already.

Enter

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Enter Margaret and Sauny.

Pet. Look ye here, Gentlemen.

Saun. O my Sol, she's ean a daft geud Lafs, she's at your Beck, tak her and kifs her, Mon.

Marg. I come to receive your Commands, Sir.

Pet. All I have to say to thee, *Peg*, is to bid thee demand Ten Pounds of these two Gentlemen, thou hast won it.

Marg. I, Sir, for what?

Pet. Only for being so good Natur'd to come when I sent for you.

Marg. It was my Duty, Sir.

Pet. Come, pay, pay, give it her, I'll not bate you two Pence.

Ger. There's mine.

Win. And mine Sister; much good may it do you.

Beau. Well, *Peg*, I'll find thee one Thousand Pound the more for this.

Saun. But what wull ye gi *Sauny* that halpt to mak her geud and tame? Wuns she was as wild as a *Galloway* Colt.

Enter Biancha and Widow.

Win. Look, here they come at last.

Bian. What did you send for me for?

Win. Why, to win me Five Pounds if you had been as obedient as you should have been.

Bian. You have not known me long enough to venture so much upon my Duty; I have been my Sister's Scholar a little.

Saun. But put her to *Sauny* to teach, gud Ise mak her sea gentle ye may streake her and handle her all o'er, Sir.

Ger. You might have got me Five Pounds if you had done as you should do.

Wid. Were it to do again you should be sure to lose.

Marg. Fie, Ladies, for shame; how dare you infringe that Duty which you justly owe your Husbands? They are our Lords, and we must pay 'em Service.

68 SAUNY the SCOT: &c.

Beau. Well said, *Peg*, you must be their Tutor.
Come Son, if you'll have a Dance, dispatch quickly,
the Musick's ready, and the Meat will be soon.

Pet. Come then, play, play.

A DANCE.

Now let us in and eat, the Work is done,
Which nither Time nor Age can wear from Memory;
I've Tam'd the *Shrew*, but will not be affam'd,
If next you see the very *Tam'd* tam'd.

F I N I S.

